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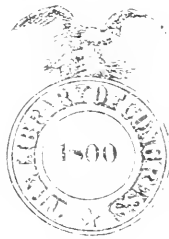
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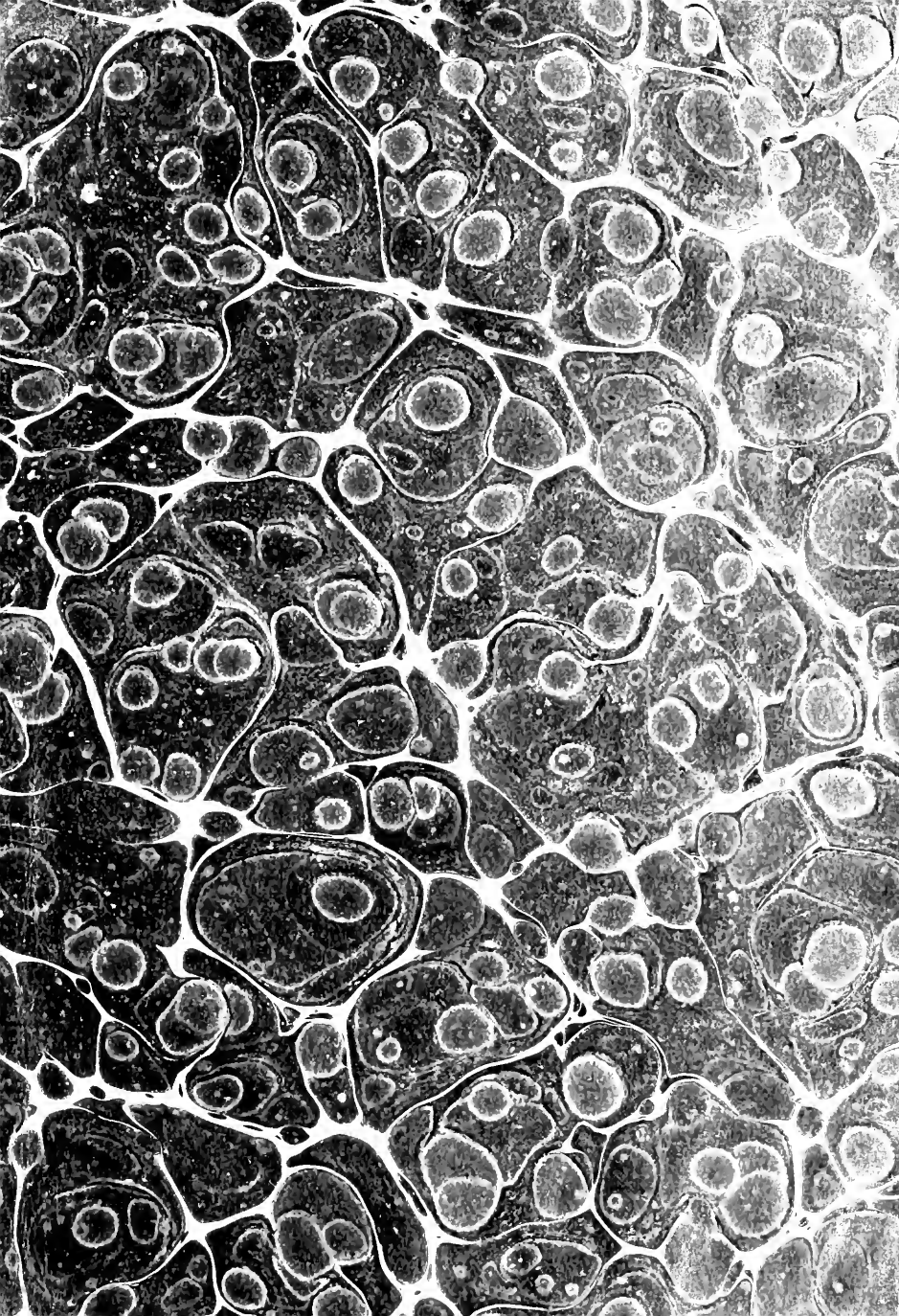


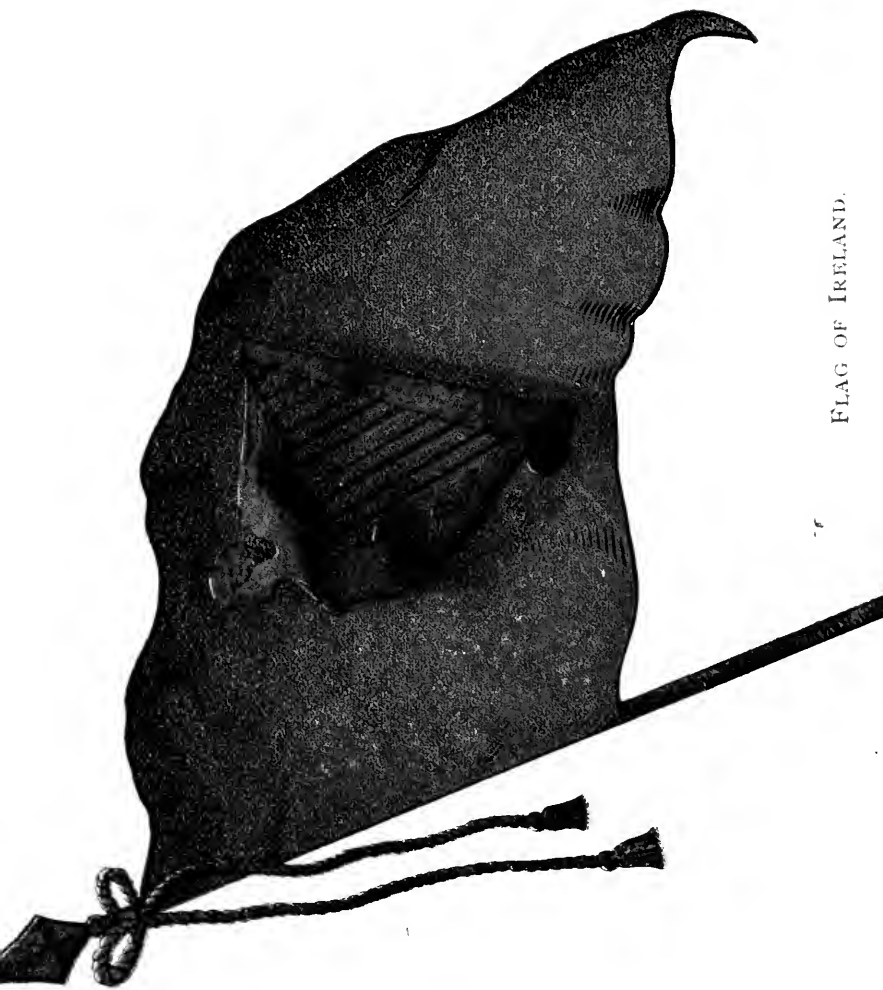
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FLAG OF IRELAND.

THE PLAN BOOK SERIES.

A LITTLE JOURNEY

TO

IRELAND

FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER
GRADES

“

BY

MARIAN M. GEORGE

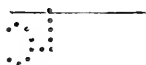
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CHICAGO

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A Little Journey to Ireland.

Let us now turn our steps towards that part of Europe that lies nearest to our home, beautiful, but unfortunate and neglected Ireland. It is west of the island of Great Britain.

Ireland is often called the Emerald Isle, because it is green, winter and summer. If you will look at the map you will see that Ireland is as far to the north as Labrador. You remember too, that this region is cold and desolate.

It would seem then that we would need to take with us our heavy wraps and furs, but this is not the case. Ireland catches the warm winds from the Atlantic, which keeps it from being cold.

But we must take our raincoats and umbrellas, for Atlantic winds are always laden with moisture and bring rains very, very often. So often do these rains occur that tourists are apt to be disgusted tho the weather is never too hot, nor very cold.

An English poet who visited Ireland once expressed his opinion of the weather in these words:

“The weather depends upon the moon, as a rule.

And in Kerry the rule is true,

For it rains when the moon is at its full,

And it rains when the moon is new,

When the moon is at the quarter then down comes the rain

At the half 'tis no better I ween,

When the moon is at three-quarters it's at it again,

And it rains, besides, mostly between.”

It is because of this moist climate that the island is so beautifully green. The coldest weather does not frost the grass nor the hottest weather scorch it.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF IRELAND.

If we could take a bird's eye view of Ireland we would see that it consists of a great central plain bordered with low mountains. Down the mountain sides rush torrents that lose themselves in the tangled growth of the broken valleys. There are but few navigable rivers. The largest is the Shannon. But we would find many, many beautiful lakes, chief of which are the Lakes of Killarney.

Along the coast the shore is very deep, cliffs being hundreds of feet in places, but there are many fine harbors.

Across the island from east to west is a great belt of wet swampy earth, called bogland. It is said that there are more than a million and a half acres of this in the central plain of Ireland. What a waste of land, you think. Not at all. It gives to the people their fuel.

This soil contains a great deal of vegetable matter. Indeed it is one mass of roots of dead and decaying plants. These lands were once covered with forests. These have decayed and been followed by other forests which have also decayed until the earth for many feet deep is composed of this decayed wood, roots and moss.

The turf that forms these bogs is known as peat. When dried, this peat burns readily, and as wood and



Longitude West from Greenwich.

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.
0 5 10 20 30 40 50 60

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7" R., WGN. & E. CO., ENGRS., 5° OH.

coal are scarce in Ireland the peat is used almost entirely for fuel.

It is cut up into squares in the summer, dried in the sunshine and stored in or near the cottages for winter use. If the season is wet the peat can not be dried and the people are obliged to go without fire.

NORTHERN IRELAND.

We shall first visit the northern part of Ireland, and so our ship lands us at Belfast, the chief city of northern Ireland. It is situated at the head of a fine bay, and has one of the best harbors in the kingdom.

Belfast we find to be a lively growing city of over 260,000 people. Although second in population, it is first in trade and manufactures in Ireland. Indeed it is the greatest linen city in the world.

Belfast is also a center for the building of iron steamships. One of our largest steamship lines has its steamers made here.

Belfast has wide, straight streets and many fine buildings. The linen factories, warehouses and flax mills are among the chief objects of interest in the city; these are to be found scattered all over the place. Some of these buildings are so fine that we mistake them for palaces and government buildings.

It is more than likely that the table linen used in your home came from some of these factories. What a fine opportunity to supply ourselves with dainty handkerchiefs. Then, too, we must buy some of the beautiful table cloths, lunch cloths, napkins, doilies and towels to take home as presents for friends.



BELFAST, IRELAND, AND ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Belfast has the finest schools of all the cities of Ireland. Everybody is busy, and so there is little crime.

Many of the people here are Scotch, and indeed there are more of the Scotch people in the north of Ireland than Irish. They have fair complexions, blue eyes, yellow or auburn hair, broad faces and powerful frames.

These people are many of them the descendants of Scottish invaders, who came from the opposite coast of Scotland long ago, and drove the Irish people living

north of Tarne away. They settled there themselves, and that is why we see so many Scotch faces on the northern seaboard today.

These Scotch-Irish are thrifty, industrious folk. Many of the people of Belfast have made great fortunes, and these live in beautiful country places just outside of the city. The farmers of the northeastern part of Ireland are many of them well-to-do. Their lands are well cultivated, and their homes neat and attractive.

Not a bit of land is allowed to go to waste; the patches of fertile land between the cliffs, rocks and on the hill and mountain sides are planted with potatoes. On the level land flax and oats are cultivated. If there is land good for nothing else, the cow and goat are allowed to hunt for food there.

We shall next take some excursions into the country near Belfast. We wish to see the Giant's Causeway for one thing, for it is one of the greatest curiosities of Ireland or of the world. We can go either by land or water, but prefer to go by land, as we wish to see what the Irish railways are like.

TRAVEL IN IRELAND.

The Irish railways are not as good as those in the States. The cars are rather shabby looking and not always clean. They are divided into compartments containing six or eight seats, arranged so that half the passengers ride backwards.

These compartments are not connected. The guards pass, not through the cars but along the outside, to examine tickets. The cars are not warned as ours

are. In winter they are heated with hot water foot warmers. It seems very odd to us.

There are no dining cars, no ice water to drink, no newsboy. If we want food and drink we must take them in baskets. But then the distances are not great and the journeys not at all tiresome.

The first thing we notice is the rich green of the land. In the valleys the streams are bordered by plants, trees and vines so luxuriant as to make it seem as if we were in the tropics. But there are also bleak looking mountains, and wild moors covered with heather, and desolate stretches of bog lands.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

As we approach the northeastern coast we observe the basaltic nature of the stone. It is a lava poured out from a great volcano ages ago. On this part of the coast it is hundreds of feet in thickness.

Causeway means a paved street. This Causeway looks to us like a large unfinished pier. It is made up of many, many rock pillars, rising out of the water. These are so close together as to form a paved pathway, which leads downward into the sea.

When we walk out to the center of the great slope we find that the columns are of different shapes. Some are three-sided, some five-sided, and so on up to columns having nine sides. The columns are formed of many pieces from one to two feet high, wedged closely together.

It is said that the Causeway does not stop where it appears to, but that it continues under the water to the opposite coast of Scotland. This may be true, for

the same columns appear on an island just off Scotland's coast.

There is an old Irish legend that accounts for this Causeway. This tells us that it was built by an Irish giant, out of politeness to a Scottish giant. He invited



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

his rival over for a fight, but the Scottish giant was not able to swim. This roadway was then built in order that he might walk across. It was broken by the sea but the two ends have remained standing as we see them to-day.

ALONG THE COAST.

A ride along the coast shows us other rocks, some black, some white, which take on various forms. There are many caves and arches along this coast, and near it Sea Gull Island, a broad, flat rock, which takes its name from the sea gulls that come there. Thousands and thousands of these birds are on and about this island, and one can hear their wild cries a long distance.

Not far from the island is the highest promontory on the coast. It is formed of columnar greenstone, and some of its pillars are more than two hundred feet in height. Its rocks and its cliffs make it look like a ruined castle. Near this spot, perched on desolate crags are the ruins of two old castles, once inhabited by powerful and war-like families.

Then there is a chasm sixty or seventy feet wide which separates the little island of Carrick-a-Rede, a salmon fishing station, from the mainland. Over this cavern, more than a hundred feet above the sea, is a swinging bridge, but we have no desire to cross it.

Another excursion from Belfast takes us to Antrim, a quiet little village where we have an opportunity to see one of the *round towers* of Ireland, of which we have heard. This tower is almost a hundred feet high with a place in the top for a bell.

We are told that we will see a number of these during our journey, as they are to be found in many places. Some towers are in perfect condition, and others in ruins. Some of them are smaller than this and others larger.

They vary in diameter from eight to fifteen feet, are perfectly round and their doors are several feet from the ground. Each floor has several windows to light it, except the upper floor, which has four windows facing the points of the compass.

No one knows what these towers are for, but it is supposed that they were watch towers used by the ancient Irish.



ROPE BRIDGE, CARRICK-A-REDE.

DUBLIN.

Dublin, Ireland's largest city and former capital, is also situated on the eastern coast. It has a very beautiful bay, which reminds us of the song we have heard sung by Irish friends in America:

Oh! Bay of Dublin! My heart you'se troublin';
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream.

Dublin is the oldest, the finest and perhaps the most interesting city we shall visit. It is built on both



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

sides of the Liffey River, a muddy and not over fragrant stream. Its great thoroughfare, Sackville Street, is broad, but not a beautiful avenue. Its buildings have a dingy look. Many people call this O'Connell Street, because at the head of the bridge named after

this famous Irish patriot, stands a monument supporting his statue in bronze.

We are told that the most important public buildings to see are the University, the Bank of Ireland, The Four Courts, the Castle, the National Gallery, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Christ Church, and the Custom House.

The Bank of Ireland occupies the building once used by the Irish Parliament. The custom house on the river banks is an imposing structure. Nearly opposite the bank is the Dublin University or Trinity College, which is perhaps the most interesting of all these places. It is a very famous old building, modeled after the great English universities. It is surrounded by beautiful trees and lawns, and at the gate are statues of three of Ireland's famous men—Oliver Goldsmith, the writer, Edmund Burke, the orator, and Henry Grattan. Not far away is a statue of Thomas Moore, the poet.

Dublin is sometimes called the "city of statues," because there are so many in the parks, public squares and avenues. A memorial of the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, stands in the cemetery. It is built like the round tower that we saw near Belfast, but is much larger. There is also an obelisk erected to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, who was born in Dublin. The people point to this with pride, and remind us that their great duke conquered Napoleon.

No nation in the world so honors its great men as does Ireland. And it has produced many of them. Among its famous writers are Dean Swift, Moore and

Goldsmith. We have all read of these men, for their names are known wherever stories are read and songs sung.

So much beautiful poetry has been written about Ireland that it is sometimes called the "Isle of Song."



THOMAS MOORE.

Goldsmith's poems appeal particularly to those far away from home in strange lands, as are so many of his countrymen now. But Moore is the favorite, and is called Ireland's greatest poet.

Both Goldsmith and Moore were educated in Dublin, and though some claim that Moore's birthplace

was in London, the Irish people tell us that it was in this city. The building that is shown us as his first home is a plain, tall house, the lower part being used as a grocery. It is said that Moore's father was a grocer, too.

In the window of the upper story is a niche in which stands a bust of the poet. We buy little pictures of Moore at a shop near by, to carry home with us as souvenirs, and further celebrate the occasion by singing some of his poems that have been set to music.

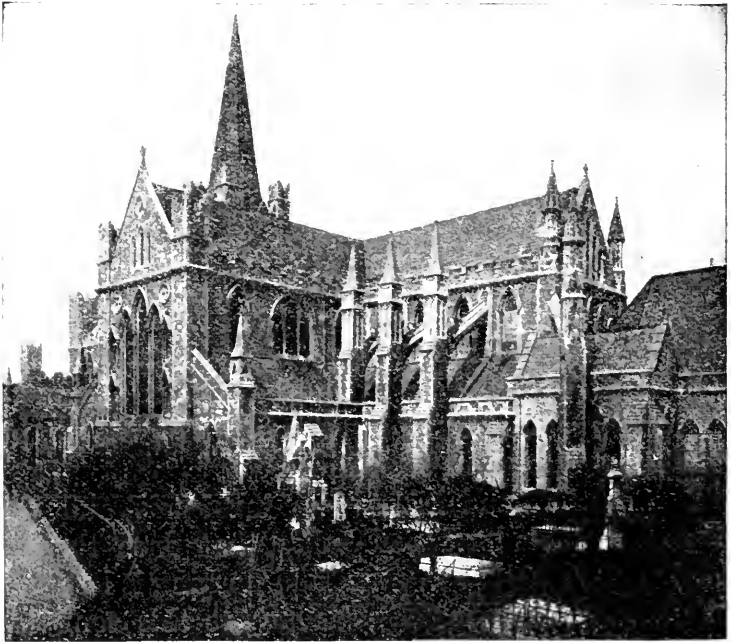
"The Last Rose of Summer" and "Those Evening Bells," we know, but some of us cannot remember the words of "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls." Perhaps it is because we do not understand exactly what they mean.

About thirty miles from Dublin is a famous hill called Tara. It was here that the palace of the old Irish kings stood. In its banquet halls the music-loving chiefs and the minstrels with their harps, provided amusement for their kings.

The castles, and kings, the musicians and their harps, the noble lords and ladies that once thronged the banquet halls are gone, and nothing is left but a collection of mounds. But as long as this song lives the place will not be forgotten.

Phoenix Park we find to be one of the finest parks we have ever seen. It is said to be one of the largest in the world, as it contains over 1,700 acres. Grand old trees are scattered over it, gardens carefully tended, meadows on which cows, sheep and deer feed, and lovely little lakes.

The zoological gardens within it contain many rare birds and animals. The sick soldiers from the royal infirmary near may often be seen walking about in its shady avenues. The reviews and sham fights are also held here, and at these times all Dublin turns out to see the show in the park.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

The most famous cathedral is Christ's Church, and next in importance is St. Patrick's Cathedral. It is famed because it is said to occupy the site of the first church in Ireland, built by St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. Jonathan Swift was once dean of

this cathedral, and his monument is in the church. Do you know what a *dean* is? You perhaps remember him as the man who wrote "Gulliver's Travels."

Dublin is not a manufacturing city, and has not the air of enterprise and prosperity that is so noticeable in Belfast. The manufacture of poplin is almost the only important one the city has left, though considerable liquor is made here, as in all the large cities in Ireland. The Irishman is as fond of whisky as the Englishman is of his ale and beer, and so much of this whisky is used in this country, but much of it is also sent to other countries.

Dublin is a wealthy city, but there is much more poverty here than in any other city in the United Kingdom. One-eighth of its inhabitants are said to be paupers, and one-quarter miserably poor.

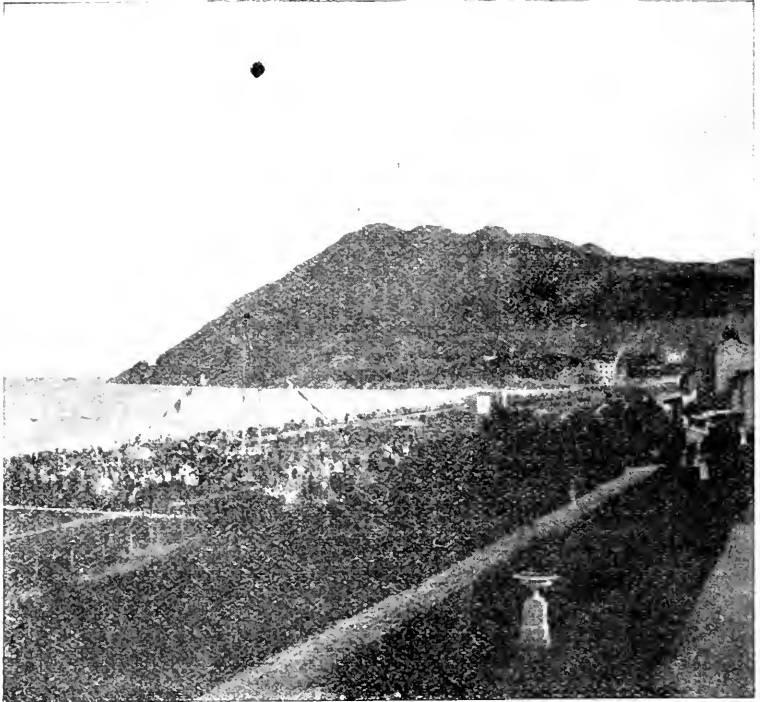
These poor people are crowded together like sheep, in the wretched sections of the city. The houses are tumble-down tenements or dirty hovels. There are many grog shops and pawn shops everywhere. Ragged, barefooted women and children with pale, pinched, hungry faces walk about the streets selling papers, or a few vegetables.

Some of this poverty we are told is due to lack of thrift and diligence. The people are too generous and light-hearted to provide for the future. But there is no employment for large numbers of them, and they are too much attached to their beloved city to leave.

The fertile slopes along the river outside the city are devoted to the cultivation of strawberries. During the season everyone takes a jaunting car after

sundown and drives out along the river road to the strawberry beds. Here are strawberry stalls and markets where tea, hot cake and strawberries are served.

The wealthy people of Dublin live in the suburbs, and most of the beautiful homes are to be found there.



BRAY, THE SEASIDE RESORT NEAR DUBLIN.

Dublin is not a pleasant city during the summer months and so those who can afford it, go then for pure air and sea bathing to a pretty little seaside resort called Bray.

The streets of this place are filled with fashionably dressed, fine looking men and women who appear to have a very gay time. They seem to have nothing to do but enjoy themselves, and it is a relief to get away from the dirt, distress and beggars of Dublin and see only happy, smiling faces, and contented prosperous people.

When the weather is cooler these people will return to their pretty country places and homes in the suburbs of Dublin. Suppose we take a ride out into the suburbs and the country beyond, and visit some of these homes.

THE JAUNTING CAR.

Now for a ride in a jaunting car, the national vehicle of Ireland. It is a four wheeled open carriage with the seats placed back to back. The driver's seat faces the horses. This car holds from six to eight people, but there are smaller ones. These have but one pair of wheels and carry only four persons.

We give the driver directions as to where we wish to go, and the next instant we are tearing down the street at break-neck speed. Directly in front of us is another jaunting car and in it a party of Irish people.

The car rattles and bounces up and down, shaking right well its passengers, who are having the jolliest kind of a time.

Tho the car seems at first awkward and uncomfortable to us, we soon get accustomed to it and enjoy it. There is one inconvenient thing about it, though, it gives us a view of but one side of the road.

It is much better than walking, however, and I will tell you why. If we were to walk out into the suburbs expecting to see some of the fine homes there, we would be sadly disappointed. We should see noth-



AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

ing or very little but miles and miles of high stone walls. These people shut themselves in from the public by building walls eight or ten feet high around their parks, lawns or gardens.

SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY HOMES.

A good friend who knows of our wish to visit one of these country homes, has given us a letter of introduction and so we are sure of a pleasant reception, for

these suburban Dublin people and country squires are the most hospitable people in the world.

We drive up long shaded avenues to reach these homes, which are large and comfortable, but usually plain. The people seem to pride themselves more on their beautiful grounds than on fine houses. The houses are surrounded by well kept lawns, shaded by grand old trees, and often there are large parks where game is kept. They have fine gardens, hot houses and stables full of high bred horses, for the Irish people are fond of out door life and open air sports.

Inside these great houses one sees fine books and pictures, rare china, and all kinds of luxuries.

Nothing could be more pleasant than life in one of these country homes. The people entertain a great deal and are delightful talkers.

The squire spends his time in looking after his estate and the welfare of his tenants. He sees that the poor do not suffer, looks after the sick, and settles the differences of his tenants. For amusement he hunts, fishes, rides and drives, for the air is mild and the weather never too hot.

The large farms are divided into small tracts of land, tiny houses built on them and rented. Some of these land owners have as many as eight thousand tenants on their farms. In this way the whole country is covered with scattered houses, near enough to each other to allow the people to visit back and forth daily.

Let us now visit some of the more humble country homes. Those by the roadside are built of stone, with

whitewashed walls and thatched roofs. The yards are littered with rubbish and the surroundings of the buildings not at all attractive.

The guide points out one poor home which he wishes us to visit. From it we can get an idea of the way some of the poorest peasants live. One can usually buy a glass of milk or buttermilk, or a pair of yarn stockings at these cottage homes. Buttermilk is the favorite drink of the people. Where the family is too poor to own a cow, a goat is often kept.

We have had a long ride and are glad of the opportunity to stop for refreshments. So we follow our guide to this little home.

The cabin stands just a few feet from the public road. The ground about it is a large mud puddle. There is no yard fenced in, and no ground near by for cultivation. Not a tree, nor plant, nor vine, nor garden to brighten the surroundings.

The house is a very poor home, indeed, just a low hut. The walls are of hardened mud, mixed with straw. It has been a wet season, and they are covered with a green mold. The floor is also of mud, as hard as cement. The roof is thatched with straw, and when it rains very hard the water oozes through the rotten thatch.

There is but one room in this house, and here the father, mother and children all live, eat and sleep. And not only the family, but the chickens, and sometimes the pig and goat. Nests are hung on the walls that the hens may lay their eggs.

There is almost no furniture, just a couple of stools,

a bench, a table and a spinning-wheel. When the mother wishes to spin she takes her wheel out doors or places it by the low, narrow open door, for the cabin has no window. The cabin door is in two halves, the upper half being open and the lower half



INTERIOR OF PEASANT'S HOME

shut. The family use this in place of the window, and the chickens find it convenient also, in mounting to their roosts inside. If it is very cold or stormy, the cow, pig, goat and donkey have a corner in the hut; that is, if the people are lucky enough to own these animals.

What about the stove? There is none. There is a

narrow chimney and an open hearth. This is of earth, and the fire of peat is laid on it. Everything in the cottage is black and dirty from the peat smoke. The peat makes a brisk, hot fire, and gives out an odor which is pleasant to those who are used to it.

When we enter, the mistress of the house dusts the stools, and asks us to sit down and warm ourselves. Then she turns out the burning surface of the turf which is on the hearth. She shakes her head very sadly, and tells us that she fears it will go hard with them this year. It has been a wet season, and impossible to dry peat for their winter supply of fuel. They cannot afford to buy wood or coal from their landlord, and so, much of the time they must be without fire. The potato crop, too, is not so good as usual. Rainy weather rots the potatoes.

The bread, when there is any, is baked in a flat-bottomed kettle on the hearth. Oatmeal and potatoes are almost the only articles of food in many of these homes. Meat and tea are luxuries to be used only on holidays, Sundays or in sickness. The eggs, poultry and pigs are all taken to market and sold.

But milk they have, yes, and right willing is she to sell us some. Delighted with the coins we give her, she accompanies us to the door with a beaming face and blessings without number.

A little farther on we visit another home, a better one. This is built of stone and contains two or more rooms. It also has windows, and is lighter and cleaner. The house has a wide hearth, with seats of clay built on either side of the chimney.

Strings of onions, and fitches of bacon hang in the chimney. The furniture is very simple: there is a dresser with some crockery, a bed in the corner, and



IRISH PEASANT WOMAN AND SPINNING WHEEL.

a bright colored picture of St. Patrick on the wall. The bed is a settle which is used as a seat by day and

a bed at night. Whether the farmer is poor or well-to-do, the kitchen is used as the sitting room. There may be a parlor with papered walls and good furniture, but it is used only on extra occasions.

Many of the homes in Ireland are like the peasants' homes we have just visited. The people are poor. They support themselves by growing a few vegetables upon a small patch of land, and by keeping a pig or two, a little poultry, and if very fortunate, a cow.

Why are these people so poor, we ask, and the peasants tell us that their bad fortune is due to England. Their beloved Dublin was once the capital of Ireland, but their Parliament has been taken away, and the country has suffered much under English rule. Perhaps we will understand better when we know something about the government of Ireland.

THE GOVERNMENT.

Ireland was at one time an independent kingdom but is now an English possession. The union of Great Britain took place one hundred years ago, and a sorry time of it poor Ireland has had since then.

When the English took possession of the land, they took it away from the people and gave it to the chiefs or lords. These lords then rented the land to the people and compelled them also to fight for them in time of war. This made them little better than slaves.

The chiefs in their turn were obliged to pay taxes to the English king, and to support the English government. After a time they rebelled against this plan

and then the English rulers took away much of their land and gave it to the English people.

Much of the land today is owned by English landlords who live in England or some other part of Europe. They draw their rents from their farms but are not interested in Ireland, and spend this money elsewhere.

The great farms or estates of these absent landlords are in charge of overseers, who are not often interested in their tenants or their welfare. They are there to get as much rent for the land as possible, and if the crops fail, or from sickness or other causes the tenants can not pay their rent the overseer sometimes turns them out.

There is no place then for them to go, and nothing to do but beg. Sometimes the miserable little homes are torn down or burned to keep tenants from returning to them. Do you see now why the people are so poor? This, they say, is the reason why so many of them must emigrate to other lands to find homes.

But there are some who have lived in these homes all their lives. Their fathers and grand-fathers lived there before them and they love their poor little cabins so much that they would rather remain there without enough to eat than to leave their friends and relatives and seek a strange land.

Many of them feel that the land is theirs by right, and that a great injustice has been done them by England. Sometimes when the landlords turn them out they revolt, and in their fury they kill the overseer or landlord and burn or destroy his property, just as the strikers do in this country in their riots.

To guard against these troubles a very large police force is kept in Ireland to keep the peace and prevent outbreaks. We have wondered many a time why there were so many Irish policemen in the United States, and some of our party now say that it must be because this is what most of the young Irishmen have been trained for before coming to our country. Others say that they are selected to fill these positions because they are such fine big men and such good fighters. Do you think either of these opinions correct?

Ireland's laws are made in England. Representatives are sent from Ireland to the English parliament to assist in making the laws, but the Irish people are not satisfied. They want to make their own laws.

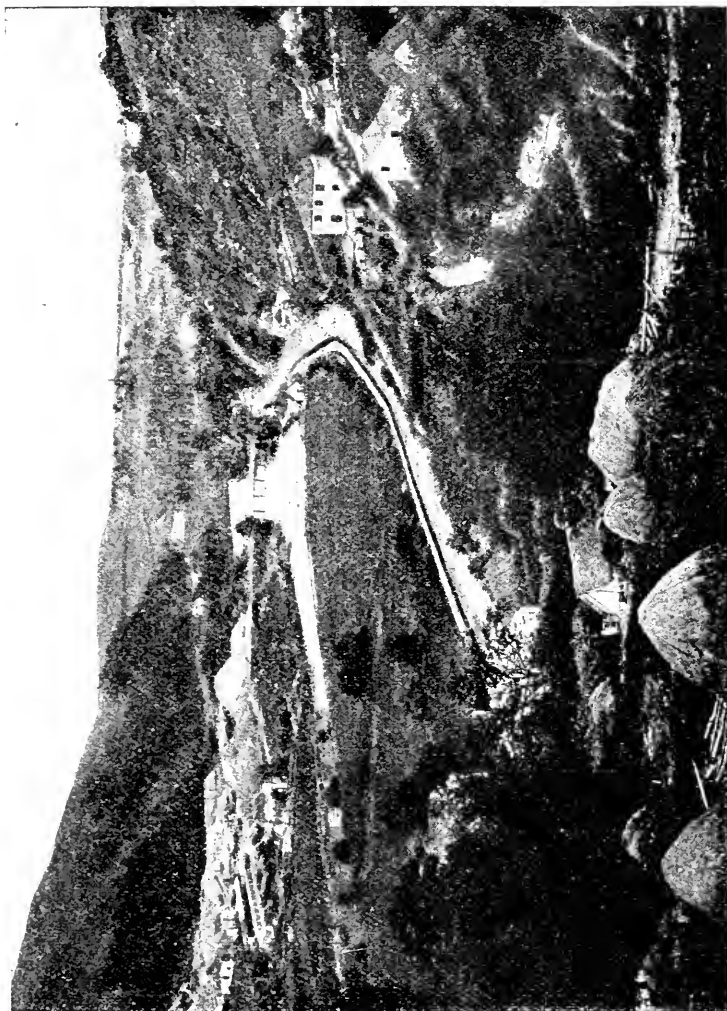
The Irish people have had one good friend among the English statesmen, Gladstone, at one time the Prime Minister of England. He tried to have the land system changed so that the people would have a chance to earn their own homes.

He did not succeed, but the people still hope that the day will come when their land will be their own again. Many brave and patriotic Irishmen have spent their lives or given them in trying to free their country from English rule.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

"There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale on whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Someone out on the street is singing this song and it reminds us that the Vale of Thomas Moore's song is near Dublin, in the Wicklow mountain region. Many



THE BEAUTIFUL VALLE OF AVOCA.

Irish and English people have spoken to us of this place, which is considered one of the most beautiful in the Emerald Isle. "The Meeting of the Waters," one of Moore's famous verses, was written at a point where the two rivers Avonbeg and Avonmore meet and form the river Avoca. It is in a pleasant valley surrounded by hills, but we have seen many valleys more lovely. One can see here the slab which marks the place where Moore wrote his poem.

In the Wicklow region is Glenmalure, a wild, solitary pass which is often visited by travellers. There are several cascades near this spot, but the one which we most admire is the Fall of Poulapanca, formed by the Liffey river passing thro the Glen of Kippure. This is probably the most famous cascade in Ireland.

But we must hasten on to Galway. We pass thro a beautiful region, but have only time for glimpses of cascades, waterfalls, ruined castles and historical spots. One place on our route, called Ballinasloe is remarkable for its great cattle fairs, which are attended by people from all parts of Europe. The mountains of Connemara can be seen from our car windows, and in the valley the tiny houses and farms of the peasants.

In Galway county, the second largest of Ireland, we see the wildest of scenery and stretches entirely uncultivated. In this county there are 130 lakes.

The western part of Ireland is mountainous and rocky. Between the hills are moor lands, bogs, and valleys. Along the shores the cliffs are steep, some of them being hundreds of feet high. There are many caves on this coast, and islands where the sea fowl live, just as on the eastern coast.



POULAPANCA FALLS, IRELAND.

We find no towns on the coast, excepting Galway and a few fishing villages.



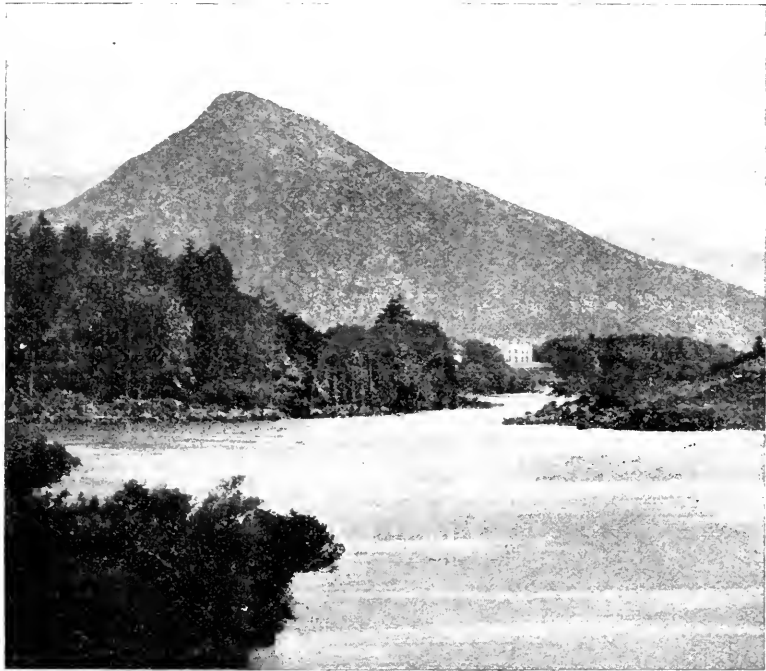
CONNEMARA MOUNTAINS, ERRIFF PASS, AND PEASANT'S FARM AND HOME.

GALWAY.

Galway is the capital of western Ireland and boasts a population of about 15,000. It is said to be the nearest point to the American coast. It is a quiet town and has not the enterprise of the seaport towns of the eastern coast.

Many years ago Galway carried on a large trade

with Spain, and the Spaniards who came here have many descendents in Galway to-day. Numbers of the people have dark eyes and hair and dark complexions. In some parts of the city we see houses built like those of Spain, and the women wear their clothes much after the fashion of Spanish women. They like bright col-



GALWAY SCENERY.

ors, and wear black and blue cloaks, thrown over the head after the manner of the women whom we saw in Cuba and Mexico.

One of the interesting parts of the town to visit is Claddagh, the fishers' quarters near the harbor. Here

we find the people clinging to the ancient Irish language, customs and dress. They have nothing to do with the other people of the town and have their own government.

These people are very superstitious and on days that they think unlucky they will not go out in their fishing boats even if they should see the bay full of fish. They are very jealous of their right as fishers in Galway Bay, and fishers who intrude are apt to have their nets cut.

Not far from Galway is Limerick. It is situated on the Shannon River, the longest river in Ireland and celebrated for its salmon.

The Shannon flows through a large number of lakes, the largest being Lough Derg. At one place in the river is Doonas Rapids, where the whole river pours over the rocks for half a mile in steep descent. It is a most beautiful and picturesque spot.

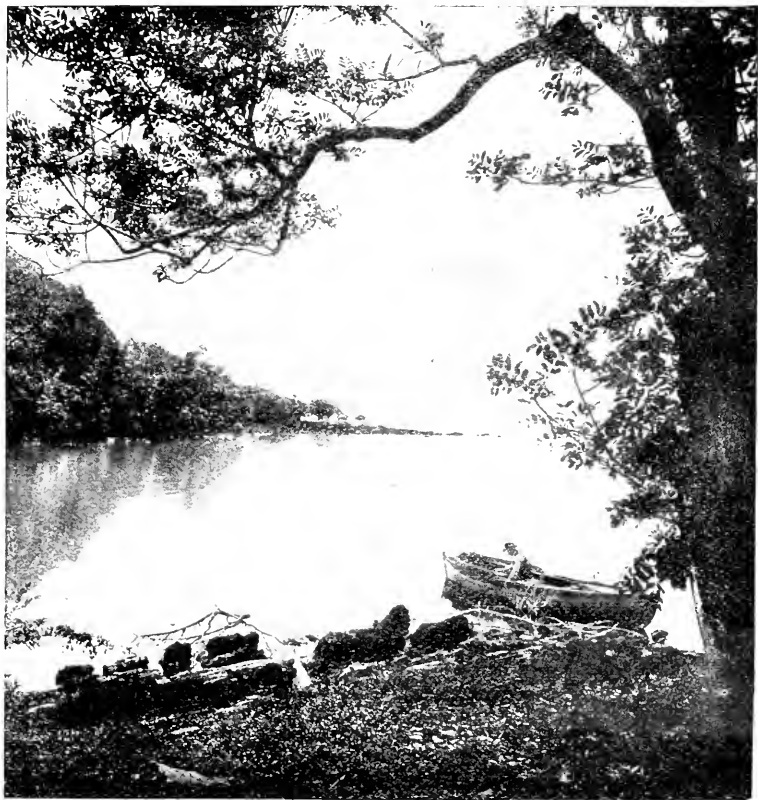
LIMERICK.

Limerick is the fourth city in population in Ireland. It claims 37,000 people. It is celebrated for the manufacture of lace and fish-hooks. Two kinds of lace are made, pillow lace and loom lace. The pillow lace is made by hand. The women work the patterns on small pillows. This is much finer and more expensive than that made by machinery.

Of course we must buy lace to take home, but the fish-hooks we have no use for. But if tourists do not buy many fish-hooks, the Irish people do, for Ireland's fisheries are valuable.

The women of Limerick are said to be the prettiest

of all the women of Ireland. Many of them have dark Spanish faces, like those we saw in Galway, but others have gray or hazel eyes, brown hair, pale complexions, and oval faces. They are very graceful, and in their talk and actions make us think of American women.



AT INNISFALLEN, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Few people ever come to Ireland, even for a brief visit, without a trip to the Killarney country. It is

called the jewel of Ireland, and it is certainly the most beautiful spot we have found in all Ireland, or any other land.

This trip takes several days, and much of the time must be spent on the jaunting car. The lakes lie in a deep valley surrounded by high mountains. Each lake is dotted with tiny islands and is bordered by beautiful shores.

Killarney is a little town of about six thousand. We go from this place to the famous Gap of Dunloe and then to the upper lake. This gap is a narrow, deep ravine between rocks which in places are over 3,000 feet high. It is four miles in length, and we must walk through it or use sure footed little ponies that know their way. A little stream flows the length of the chasm. Huge overhanging rocks darken the pathway and make it very gloomy. Our Irish guide tells us that a giant, by one stroke of his sword, divided the mountains and left them apart in this way. This is the place where St. Patrick is said to have banished the last snake of Ireland.

At the upper lake we take a boat and continue our trip on water. A channel leads from this to the Middle Lake. It is very narrow and in one place is a perpendicular cliff two thousand feet high, called Eagle's Nest. This is noted for its echoes. When we cry out "Hello," the word is echoed again and again. Going on our way it seems that the islands in this lake are without number. By and by we come to Middle Lake and to an old bridge, through which the boats are swiftly carried by the force of the current.

In the Lower Lake is a lovely island called Ross Island. It has been turned into a park which is open to the public. Upon its shore stands Ross Castle in ruins and nearly covered with ivy.

There are many legends connected with this island, and these the Irish people declare to be true. One of the legends tells us that every seven years a member



OLD WIER BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

of the O'Donohue family, who formerly owned the castle, comes from his grave and rides on a white horse over to his old home. The instant he reaches it he blows a blast of his horn and the castle is rebuilt as if by magic, and just as it was hundreds of years ago. With the dawn of day the castle falls into ruins again.

A little way from Ross is Innisfallen Island, the gem of all the lakes, of which Moore has told us.



BEAUTIFUL GLENDALOUGH, WICKLOW

“Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory’s dream that sunny smile,
Which o’er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw that fairy isle.”

Near Killarney are the ruins of Muckross Abbey. These are in the grounds belonging to a park. The owner charges us a shilling to see the church and monastery. The money paid by tourists for this privilege is used to keep the place in repair.



ROSS CASTLE. KILLARNEY.

IRISH CASTLES.

We find the ruins of these old abbeys, castles and fortresses extremely interesting. After seeing the many strongholds and fortified castles throughout the country we are ready to believe the ancient Irish were a

warlike race. These castles have usually been situated on secluded little islands in lakes, like Ross Castle, on hills that commanded a view of the surrounding plains or valley, or on high rocky points or promontories, as those on the northern coast.

The chiefs selected these places because it enabled them to defend themselves from their enemies. There was little law in the country and each chief was obliged to defend his own castle. He gathered about him all the people of his own clan or family, his tenants and servants, and armed them.

Watch towers were erected and in these towers watchmen were constantly on guard. When the enemy was seen approaching an alarm was given and the people employed on the land of the nobleman all flocked to the shelter of the castle.

The walls of the castle were of stone and very thick and high. The castle was also surrounded by a deep, wide ditch called a moat. Across the moat was a bridge that might be drawn up in case of an attack. Thick, heavy iron doors at the end of the bridge, admitted one to the castle.

Underneath the castle were dungeons for prisoners, for there were no prisons in those days. If enemies were captured they were kept in these places. In the center of the castle was a great hall, where not only the chief or nobleman, but all his friends, relatives, servants and tenants could eat at the same time. At such times whole roasted oxen, sheep and pigs were served on a long, rude table. How we would like to have seen one of these companies.

The banquet halls are in ruins now. In many cases little but the walls of the building remain. The floors and roof are fallen in; the windows without glass, or even sash. Yet the ruins are beautiful because covered from cellar to roof with a green mat of ivy.

Every castle has a most interesting history and a ghost story. The people themselves believe the ghost stories just as firmly as the history of each castle.

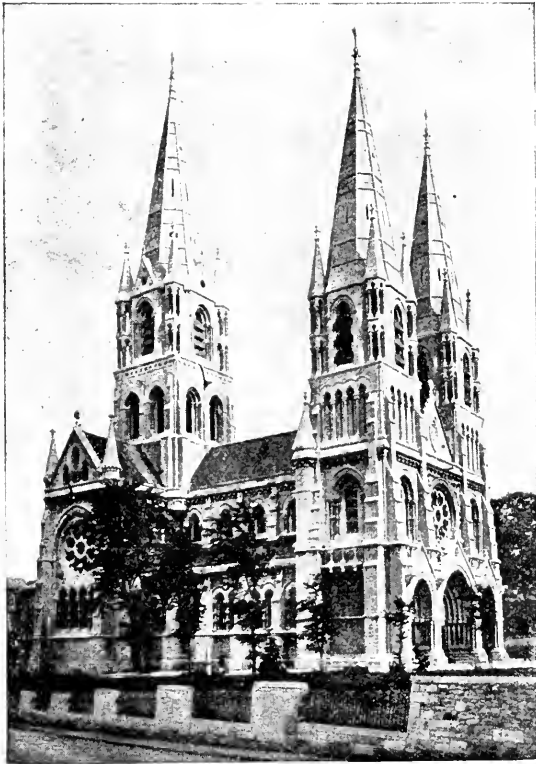


MUCKRASS ABBEY. KILLARNEY

CORK.

Now let us journey on to Cork, almost the last city we shall visit. It is situated on the river Lee, about twelve miles from Cork and Queenstown harbor. It is Ireland's third city in size, numbering 100,000 people.

Cork's Cathedral, St. Finbar's, is one of the finest of Ireland and well worth a visit, but St. Anne's Church is the one that attracts most tourists. Its



ST. FINBAR'S CATHEDRAL. CORK.

steeple is visible from every part of the city. This Shandon steeple is composed of red and white limestone, three sides being white and one red. It contains the famous Shandon bells, of which Father Prout has told us:

The bells of Shandon,
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

The people are very proud of their "Queen's College," which is on a height overlooking the city and commands a fine view.

Cork is sometimes called the "Beautiful City," because of its lovely surrounding country, its trees and grassy lawns, but we find also much poverty and squalor.

At the end of St. Patrick street we are shown a bronze statue of Father Mathew, of whom the people speak with much affection and gratitude. And well they may, for he has done more for Ireland than any man since the days of St. Patrick.

Sixty-two years ago Ireland was one of the most intemperate countries in the world. It seemed almost hopelessly degraded and beggared by drink. Father Mathew was a Catholic priest living in Cork. He saw the misery and want brought by the use of drink and began to preach temperance to the people of his city.

When he had persuaded many of them to sign the pledge he traveled about to other cities forming temperance societies and asking people to do so. In two and a half years two and a half million people took the pledge, and before his work was completed five million people had signed the pledge.

St. Patrick's Bridge, crossing the Lee in the center of Cork, is broader than any bridge across the Thames excepting the Westminster Bridge at London.

The river is guarded with thick walls lined with shipping as far as the eye can see. Along the river is a celebrated promenade called the Mardyke. It is a fine, broad avenue sheltered by magnificent old elm trees. No carriages are allowed on this avenue, but people stroll up and down in the shade of the trees all day long.

One of the sights of Cork is the coal quay in the lower part of the city down the river. This is not a coal quay in reality, but a kind of bazar. It is a large building divided by rows of counters on which are all kinds of second hand goods. Saturday evenings the place is thronged with working people intent on making purchases or amusing themselves. Sometimes merchants mount upon boxes or counters and extol the merits of their goods with a great deal of eloquence. Numbers of the persons in the place are so ragged that they remind us of scarecrows. But this does not prevent them from enjoying themselves, and the scene is a lively one.

THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

The people of Ireland have a language of their own, as have the Welsh and Scotch, but English is the language in most parts of the country. It is said that not more than one sixth of the people use the ancient Irish tongue.

The educated, wealthy and well-to-do people live much as the same class of people live in England or the United States. The peasants, farmers and laborers, however, live quite differently, and they are the

people whom we wish most to see. The peasants cling to old habits and customs that one does not find among the higher classes, and for this reason the traveller finds much more of interest in their lives. This is true of every country where a peasant class exists.

The Irish peasants are kindly, good natured, quick-witted, generous and energetic. Their active out-of-door life makes them healthy and strong. In the north we find them neat, diligent and progressive, but this is not true of all.

They are extremely hospitable people, cheerfully sharing their last bite with a needy neighbor. The Irish have the most cheerful, hopeful, happy dispositions of any people in the world. They may not have a penny or a bite to eat and yet can enjoy themselves, laughing and dancing, and singing as gaily all the while as tho they were the most lucky mortals on earth. If there is any work they are ready to do it. If not, it does not appear to worry them.

They are a very social people, and fond of visiting. At night after the day's work is done they gather in groups in the cabins clustered near each other, and spend the time talking, smoking and singing together. They are extremely fond of amusements and hold many fairs, dances and festivals. Music is with them a favorite recreation.

In appearance they are just as different as the parts of the country in which they live. In the north we found the people with light complexions and blue eyes; in the central and mountainous districts they have

gray eyes, brown hair, and short strong figures. The people of the west are dark and have graceful figures. But almost all have fine complexions.

While at work about their homes and in the fields both men and women go about with bare heads and feet. The women wear short skirts of coarse material, loose cotton waists and large aprons. When attend-



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

ing fairs or parties the young girls who can afford it, wear bright cotton dresses, thick shoes and yarn stockings.

In the south of Ireland the women go about the streets with shawls drawn over their heads, leaving us only a glimpse of their bright eyes.

The older women wear cloaks with hoods for the

head in case of rain. These cloaks are very precious possessions, for they cost large sums of money, at least they are large to the poor people who buy them. They last a life time and longer, for they are handed down from one generation to another.



AN IRISH PEASANT WOMAN WITH PEAT BASKET.

HOW THEY LIVE.

Very, very few of these people own their own homes, or farms. They rent their tiny cabins and little patches of land and raise a few potatoes and vegetables. These do not require much labor and the women and girls usually assist with this, as in England.

We have seen how their homes look and something of their manner of living in Dublin. It is much the same all over the country.

Ireland has the finest of roads and good bridges, and driving through any part of the country is a delight to the traveller. Cork lies in the midst of a rich farming region, but there is much poor soil in the southern part of the island. The farmer has a hard time to make a living there.

There seems to be no waste land. It is all occupied or used for farms, and every place is fenced and worked, even the mountain and bog lands.

The fences are not like ours. Sometimes they are ridges or mounds, set at the top with furz or gorse. Sometimes they are hedges of white thorn. But in parts of the country where the land is, or was stony, the fields are enclosed with stone walls. The farmers find this a good way to dispose of the stones in the soil.

Ireland is too wet for any crops but potatoes, oats, flax and grass. If the season is unusually rainy, the potato crop rots, and then there is much suffering, for the people depend upon this article of food almost entirely.

You may have supposed that the potato was a native of Ireland, but this is not the case. The potato which we call the Irish potato was brought from America. It proved to be so well adapted to the soil that it soon became the principal food product.

The pig is a very important part of the poor man's possessions. Every family tries to keep at least one.

The peasants depend upon it for their meat, unless they should happen to live near the seashore. In that case fish is substituted.



AN IRISH FARMYARD.

In a special time of need, such as weddings, funerals or sickness, or rent day, the precious pig is driven to the nearest market and disposed of. If there

should be but one, the family must get along without the Sunday dinner of bacon until another little porker can be bought and fattened. It is a wonder how the pig can grow fat on such poor, scant fare as he gets, and sometimes he does not.

Here is the home of a well-to-do farmer. Notice the wagon in his yard. It is exactly like those we have seen the peasants use in hauling produce to town. It is a kind of cart with two large wheels. The farmer is going to market and is just ready to start.

This market is at a country town not far away, and so we decide to drive there, too.

PEAT BOGS.

Our ride takes us through one of the peat bogs of which we have heard so much. If we were to try to walk through this bog, we would find thick, black mud under the pretty growth of green. Stepping from one tuft of grass to another is not an easy thing to do, and we would sink to the knees in mud before we went very far.

In some parts of the country are quaking bogs, and these are dangerous places, for they are really lakes, whose surfaces are covered with growing plants and earth. These in time become bogs of peat also. During a heavy rain a quagmire sometimes becomes filled with water, like a sponge, and swells until it bursts. It then sends out a stream of black, liquid mud, and covers everything near by. Sometimes whole villages have been overwhelmed in this way.

The men working in a peat bog near the road interest us very much, for we wish to see how the people

procure their fuel. The men are digging it and the women carrying it home in baskets. It would seem that this was work better suited to men. When the family can afford to keep a donkey, the baskets of peat are fastened to its back, and thus lightens the labors of the women. Some of this peat is stored in



BEGGARS.

the cottage, but most of it is piled up in stacks near-by.

After the peat and potatoes have been dug, there is little employment for the men, unless they live near cities where factories need their services, and much of the time no work can be secured.

See these beggars coming down the road. They have some shamrocks which they wish to sell us, and beg us so earnestly to buy that we have not the heart to refuse.

Much of our pleasure in travelling in Ireland is taken away by the sight of so much poverty and suffering. In some places we are surrounded by hordes of beggars. It is almost impossible to get away from them. If we give to one, a dozen others clamor for a gift. If we refuse and walk away, they follow us for blocks, and even miles, with oft repeated plaintive requests.

Sometimes tourists pretend to be deaf in order to get rid of them. Sometimes they hire a jaunting car; thinking by driving to get rid of their nuisance, but they even climb up into the carriage and hang on until forcibly put off.

They will declare with tears in their eyes that they are dying of starvation, and perhaps the next instant be laughing and chatting with friends, or dancing a jig on the cobble stones.

Many of these people are entirely dependent upon what they can beg from travelers, and they train their children to beg. It is a pitiful sight to see so many tiny children and mothers with babies in their arms suffering for food. They have a great dread of the work house and prefer to secure a scanty living in this way rather than to be cared for at one of these public institutions. Some of them have no roof to shelter them and spend their nights at some wayside cottage, sleeping by the fire.

SHAMROCK.

The shamrock we have just bought is the national flower of Ireland, just as the thistle is of Scotland and the rose is of England. If you will look carefully at the British coat-of-arms you will see the three flowers growing from one stem. It is a triple leaved delicate little plant, very much like the white clover. It grows on the stone walls, and by the roadside where the soil is poor and trodden hard, and so insignificant is it that we overlooked it entirely at first. But tho plain to our eyes, it is beautiful to the loyal Irish people. They love it and never fail to wear it on St. Patrick's day. The little children are taught to love it too, and to cry "Erin go bragh," which means "Ireland forever." (See cut of flag.)

THE MARKET.

We meet numbers of people also on their way to market as we near the town. There are well-to-do farmers driving traps or jaunting cars, small farmers driving two wheeled donkey carts; men and women mounted upon or leading heavily laden donkeys, and still others walking. Even the smallest cart is sure to be well filled, for all the peasants are not so fortunate as to own a conveyance, and must depend upon their neighbors for a "lift" to town.

Some of the farmers have their carts filled with cans of milk. These are to be taken not to market but to the creamery, where it will be made up into butter for the English market.

Some of the carts and donkeys are loaded with potatoes and others with peat. The peat is hawked from house to house in the town. It is cut into blocks about four times as large as a brick.

The town we are entering looks much like the other small towns we have seen. The streets are narrow and have no side-walks. The buildings consist of a large Roman Catholic chapel, a small church, a bank, a hotel, a market house, shops and dwellings. The most of the houses are of stone and very small.

The market place is an interesting and curious sight. We have to go through mud and run the chance of being upset by a pig or cart, but we do not mind that. The market is a good place to study the manners and customs of a people. The women are some of them very beautiful, but the men are not so attractive. The women wear shawls over their heads, or blue or red cloaks, and petticoats of bright colors, but many of the dresses are ragged and not over clean.

Some people are leading pigs or goats and others are carrying eggs, fowls and vegetables, which they have brought in from the country. Some of them walk long distances to come to market.

While generous in giving, and willing to share their last crust with a needy neighbor, the Irish are close, hard bargainers. They express great surprise or anger at the prices offered or asked, and haggle and argue about everything.

Some of the bargains are concluded with a glass of whiskey, and to refuse this would be considered a very

great breach of manners. One glass is pretty sure to lead to another, however, and then fights often occur.

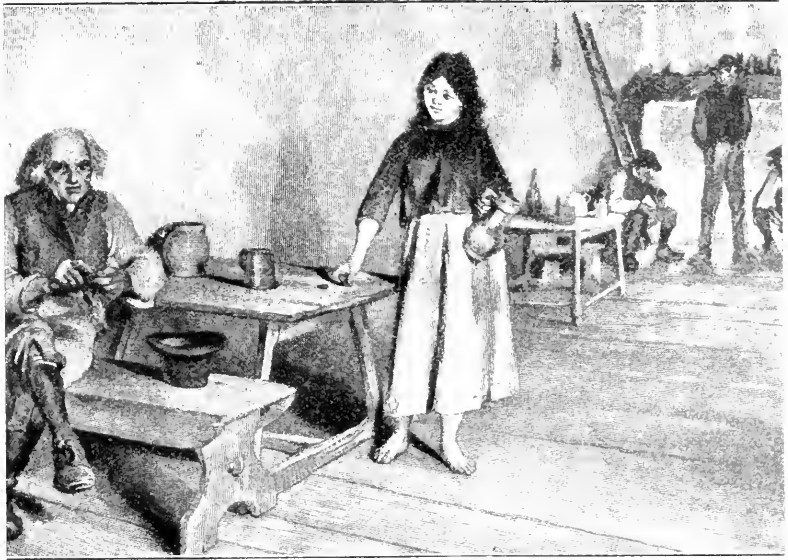


MARKET DAY.

The people hold many fairs, the most noted of these being Donny Brook Fair. This was celebrated for the number of fights in which the people engaged as the result of too much drinking. The Irishman usually uses his fists in these rough and tumble fights, but he sometimes carries another weapon.

This is a club of oak or blackthorn, called shillalah. It is called by this name because the sticks are cut from oak trees at Shillelagh, which is famous for its oaks.

Here is a little country inn. Let us stop for supper.



AN OLD COUNTRY INN.

The rooms at the inn have bare hard wood floors and small windows set deep in the stone walls. But there are curtains at the windows and everything looks neat and clean. The landlady seems very anxious to make us comfortable and soon has the table spread and lunch placed upon it.

In the center of the tea table are placed a large square loaf of bread, a quarter of a cheese, a plate of butter and another of cold roast beef. There is also a sugar bowl, milk pitcher, tea pot and a little box of tea. The tea kettle sits by the side of the grate, and we are expected to make our own tea, and cut our own bread. The landlady runs in and out every few minutes, and asks us many questions about America, before the meal is over.

The day is growing chilly, and we are glad to find a cheerful peat fire in the great living room of the inn.

Around this fire a group of laboring men are gathered. One of them is dancing a jig, and holding a pipe between his teeth all the while. The others are talking, smoking, or drinking glasses of porter which a little maid-servant brings to them. This is the way they spend their evenings after their work is done, and their days, too, when there is no work.

CHILD LIFE.

The children of Ireland are certainly the happiest, merriest little people in the world. This to us seems very strange when we see how many of them live. Often they have not enough to eat, and little to wear. But though they are ragged and dirty and hungry they sing and dance and bubble over with fun and frolic.

They do not mind the rainy weather in the least. They are not afraid of spoiling their good clothes for the very good reason that they have none. Most of their time is spent in the open air, and perhaps this is the reason they grow up to be strong and hearty.

Among the peasants or poor people the boys and girls wear but one garment, and this is apt to be ragged. They have no hats or shoes. The boys dress just as their sisters do until they are nine or ten years of age, when they are put into trousers.

Some of us who are apt to grumble when our meals are not quite to our liking are made ashamed of our discontent when we see what these children have for their food. For breakfast, oatmeal mush and milk; for dinner, potatoes and milk; for supper, mush with-

out milk, very often. On Sundays and holidays, as a special treat they have a chicken or a bit of bacon and perhaps cabbage. And very glad and thankful they are to get enough of this simple food.

The little ones learn to work very early in life if their parents are working people. They help in the field with the potatoes and other crops. Along the coast they gather seaweed and limpets. Sometimes the boys are allowed to go fishing with their fathers, and then they bring home cod, mackerel and herring. If they catch a great many, the children help to pack the fish in salt to keep it for winter use. The seaweed is used both for food and to enrich the land.

In many homes we see the girls busily engaged in weaving linen thread into lace. Along the coast they make a kind of twine of the flax. This twine is used in making fish nets.

Sometimes the children go about with tourists as guides, and sometimes they sell bouquets of shamrock flowers, bits of bog, oak or heather. And many of them beg.

We are surrounded almost every day by crowds of little ones, all begging for a penny. Sometimes they even climb into our carriage. The quickest way to get rid of them is to throw a handful of pennies by the roadside. In the twinkling of an eye every pretty winsome rogue scampers after them and then off we drive.

The first important event in the Irish child's life is its baptism. Among the Catholics this is made much of. A feast is prepared, friends are invited and a time of rejoicing follows.



SCHOOLYARD.

The children are early taught the principles of religion, and the history of the Church. The priest keeps a watchful eye on the children of his parish and helps in their training. Aside from these lessons, however, the education of the poorer children is not of the best. The children of the wealthy people have the best of advantages, of course, just as they do in our own country. Their home life is also very much like that of the children of the States, or of England. When the peasant children go to school they must take a penny each week. In winter they must also carry

turf for the school fire. If the family is so fortunate as to own a donkey the peat is carried on its back in a basket. If there is no donkey each child carries his sod of turf.

EDUCATION.

The great poverty of the Irish people has prevented many of them from giving their children good educational advantages, but there are many fine schools and colleges throughout Ireland, for those who can afford to attend them. The University of Dublin and Trinity College are famous throughout the country. The Queen's University has colleges at Belfast, Cork and Galway.

Ireland's universities have always been famous, and formerly drew students from all parts of Europe.

There are many national schools, church schools and private and day schools scattered throughout the country.

THE RELIGIONS OF IRELAND.

With the Irish people religion comes before all. We see this in every act of the people. When they enter a house they greet the family with a "God Save all here." When one wayfarer meets another a hearty "God save you kindly" is passed. When trouble and suffering come they look upon it as the "will of God" and endure their misfortune patiently.

About four fifths of the people are Roman Catholics, one-eighth are Episcopalians and a tenth Presbyterians.

Many of the Scotch-Irish are Presbyterians, and the population of Belfast is almost equally divided between Catholics and Protestants, but all the rest of the country is Catholic.

There is a large party in Ireland called the Orangemen, a secret society of Protestants. This party is constantly at war with the Catholics, and when on holidays, either of these societies parade, the other is pretty sure to ridicule, stone and abuse the rival party. Sometimes these wars are carried on in other countries, for we have heard of Orange riots in America.

THE PRIEST.

The most important and influential person in the Irish town is the priest. He is the busiest man in all the country round. His flock is large and usually a poor one, and it is not often that his door step is without an applicant for help or advice.

No funeral, wedding or christening can be conducted without him. He is the prominent figure at parties and festivals of all kinds. No ceremony is complete without his blessing, and he is always a welcome and much loved guest.

The priest's home is a very splendid place in the eyes of the poor folk of his parish. The books and pictures, the little comforts and luxuries to be found there are subjects of wonder and admiration to them.

If they are in want they turn to their good priest for aid, and it usually comes, and from his own purse. Happy and proud are the father and mother of an Irish priest, and it is the hope and prayer of every devout Irish mother that her boy may be called to this high place in life.

THE DRUIDS.

Scattered about the country are many stones that look like tombstones. These stones have stood here

for many centuries—monuments of Ireland's early religion. The people worshipped through priests called Druids. They were taught to worship the sun, moon and fire, and to offer up human sacrifices to their gods.

For this purpose they built stone altars, upon which to lay sacrifices. These altars were called brom lichs, and consisted of rough stone pillars upon which rested a large flat table stone. Sometimes men, women and children were fastened together, put into cages and burned alive, as human sacrifices.

The priests worshipped in the open air, in groves. Their favorite places were the oak groves. The places where they performed their religious rites were sacred and were fenced about with stones to keep out intruders.

There is much about their religion that we do not know, because their priests would not allow their mysteries to be written. Everything was taught by word of mouth only, and in this way the religion was kept alive and yet secret from the world.

You wonder perhaps how those people who could neither read nor write, and who were so ignorant and superstitious, could have become Christians, as they are today.

It was due largely to the efforts and work of a very good man who came to Ireland as a slave, and was afterwards sainted.

THE STORY OF ST. PATRICK.

Ireland is sometimes called the "Isle of Saints" because it has been the home of so many sainted men.

First in rank among them is Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, whom every boy is taught to revere and respect.

It was he who converted the people from Druidism to the Christian faith, and so he has been called the Apostle of Ireland. It is in his memory that the people wear the shamrock on the 17th of March. This was the day of his birth and also of his death.

Some say he was born in Scotland, and was the son of a clergyman. Others, that he was a Frenchman, the son of a prosperous citizen of Boulogne. But at any rate this does not matter. He became a very good Irishman in time.

When a lad of about sixteen he was captured by Irish pirates who visited his home, was carried to Ireland and sold as a slave. His master, who was a chief or nobleman, set him to keep his sheep. For six years the boy remained with this master.

A shepherd has a lonely life and plenty of time to think; and as Patrick lay out on the hills by night, watching his flocks, his mind was always busy. He often thought of his own people, and how he might escape from his master and get back to them.

But his chief thought was of the heathen Irish. He saw that they were kind hearted people, and willing to learn, but that they often did foolish and cruel things, because no one had ever taught them a better way of life.

At last, after long and weary waiting, Patrick was able to slip away without being seen, and made his way to the seashore. There he found a ship which carried him back to his own home.

Now that he was free once more, he did not forget his Irish friends, or their needs. He set to work at once to learn from the wisest and best men he could find, so that he might become a priest or minister.

He went to the Pope, who was the head of the Catholic church, and asked him for help that he might go back to the Irish people and teach them a better way of living. When this was granted he started back to the land he had left so many years ago, a slave. He took with him a ship and a few friends to assist him.

He tried to land near Dublin, but the people would not permit him to do so. He then went northward and landed in Antrim, where he had been a slave. There was a herdsman keeping cattle near the shore when Patrick's ship came in, and when he saw the strangers he thought they must be pirates.

He left his herd, and ran swiftly to the home of his master and told him to make ready to defend himself. The chief took his sword, his spear and shield, gathered his servants and tenants and armed them, and then came down to the shore to drive away the invaders or new-comers.

He was much astonished when he found who they were. When their errand was known he welcomed them kindly to his house. Here Patrick and his followers staid for a time and before they went away the chief had become a Christian.

From this time on, for more than fifty years, Patrick devoted himself to the work he had set himself to do. He went from place to place preaching and teaching. This was not an easy or pleasant thing to do in those times, for he had many enemies.

The Druid priests tried to drive him out of the country, and he was often in danger of his life. The people at first did not understand what Patrick wanted, and did not like to give up their heathen worship of the sun, and moon, of stones and water, trees and fairies.

Neither did they like the new laws which were made by wise men of Ireland, at Patrick's advice, tho they were better than the old ones. The Irish could not read the books Patrick brought with him, for they did not know the letters.

The teachers therefore cut the alphabet on thin flat laths of wood about a yard long and two inches broad, and gave them to the people so that they might copy them, and in this way learn to read.

It is said that Ireland was once infested with snakes and that St. Patrick drove them all out. In Wicklow county, near Dublin, is a lake called Lower Lake, about a fourth of a mile long. Into this it is said the last of the snakes was banished. This is supposed to mean that there he overthrew the last of serpent worship, which was practiced by the Irish when he came to Ireland. A rich man in the north of Ireland gave him a little plat of land on a hill-top, and there he built a church and a little house for himself and followers.

This church is the most famous of all that Patrick built, and it is the chief one of Ireland to this day. Before Patrick died the greater part of the people became Christians through his teaching.

The work begun by Patrick was carried on by other good men until Ireland was famed throughout Europe

for its piety and learning. Its preachers and teachers were sent to all parts of Europe, and Ireland took foremost rank in religion and learning.

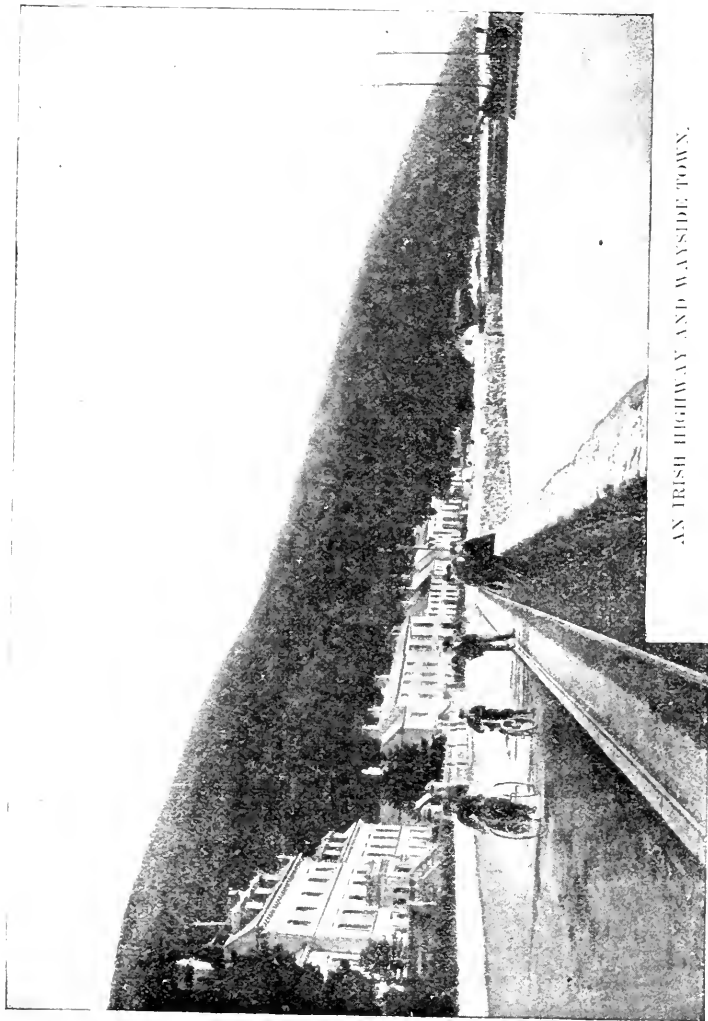
THE ANCIENT IRISH.

In olden times Ireland was ruled by a king, assisted by several chiefs. The Island was divided into provinces, and these were inhabited by tribes or clans, each having its chief. The land was held in common by all the members of the tribe. They did very little farming, but devoted most of their time to raising cattle, sheep and horses. Their cattle were their most valued possessions.

They lived in little villages on the islands in the lakes, or on the hill-sides. Their houses were made of wood and not much larger than the huts of the peasants of to-day. Walls of earth or stone were built about the houses as a means of defense, for these tribes were always at war with each other.

They called their land Erin, which the English changed to Ireland. They had a language of their own, which is still spoken in some parts of the country, but English has now become the language of the country.

The cavins, cromlechs, pillar stones, round towers, dunes or defenses of stone, and stone-roofed buildings, which are found scattered throughout the country, are the remains of these ancients. Among these are great numbers of round or oval structures of earth and stone, called bee-hive houses. There are curious buildings built of long thin stones arranged in layers, overlapping one another. Some of them are in clusters underground.



AN IRISH HIGHWAY AND WAYSIDE TOWN.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

In small villages where the only events of importance are weddings or funerals it is customary to hold a wake at the home of the dead person the night or nights before the burial. The term means to watch and is the watching of a dead body all night by the friends and neighbors of the deceased.

The custom no doubt originated in a superstitious fear of passing the night alone with a dead body or of its being interfered with by evil spirits.

The Irish peasant's ambition is to have a decent funeral and a fine wake, and he economizes and saves for years to secure money for this purpose. He lays aside good garments in which to array his body for burial, in order that his friends may not have to purchase them.

After death the body is laid on a table or bed, dressed in white linen. Black ribbons are added if an adult, white if unmarried, and flowers if a child. Lighted candles are placed around the body.

The friends all come, for to stay away would be to show disrespect for the dead. The house is always crowded.

Benches, stools and chairs are borrowed for the occasion and food and drink provided for the entertainment of guests. The old women of the neighborhood are given the most comfortable seats near the fireplace and provided with snuff and pipes.

After the people have gathered at the home, they sit about the room containing the corpse, chatting, and exchange remarks about the dead friend until the mourners arrive. The women of the household then gather around and the mourning begins.

After a season of wailing an old woman speaks of the virtues of the dead and these remarks are followed by more weeping on the part of relatives and friends.

About midnight refreshments are passed. These usually consist of bread, butter and tea, and whiskey, wine and porter. As the wake may be continued for three or four nights before the funeral takes place, the expense of entertainment is a heavy tax on the poor family.

It was formerly the custom for professional mourners, called "keeners," to attend wakes, and in a few out of the way villages this is still customary. The keener is usually an old woman who has a gift for speaking, chanting or wailing loudly, and is paid for her services. She leads the mourners, wailing loudest of all. She sings a dirge describing the virtues of the departed. During this chant or song she keeps up a swaying motion of the body, at the foot of the corpse.

At intervals she breaks out into a shrill cry or wail in which she is joined by others.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

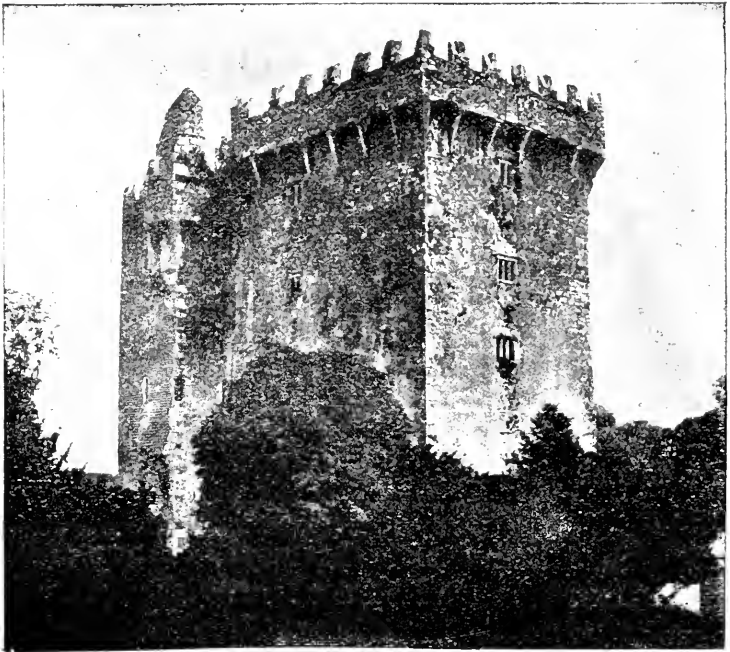
Five miles from Cork is the busy little town of Blarney. There are cloth factories here which give employment to the people, but it is not these we came to see. It is Blarney Castle, of which we have heard so much.

The old castle stands on the side of a hill, on the river Au-Martin. The castle is covered with ivy, and surrounded by beautiful grounds shaded with trees. Only a part of the castle is standing. The rest is in ruins.

This castle is said to contain a stone that will give to any one who kisses it the gift of words. The Irish

poet, Father Prout, has written some verses about it which tell that

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses
To grow eloquent.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

The stone is at the top of the tower, but so far down the side of the wall as to discourage all but very venturesome people. The only way to kiss the stone is to hang by the heels from the top of the tower.

It seems to us that the Blarney Stone might better

be sent to some other country. The Irish people do not need it, for they are the readiest, wittiest and most eloquent talkers in the world.

MANUFACTURES.

We would like to visit some of the manufacturing towns, but time will not permit. The people tell us that the model town of Ireland, and of the world as well, is Bessbrook in Armagh. It is a woollen manufacturing town, and four thousand people are employed there. The remarkable thing about this town is that there are no saloons, poor-house, police station, and no pauper or policeman is to be found in the place.

The seat of flannel industry is at Wicklow, and that of blankets at Kilkenny. More than 300,000 persons are employed in the making of lace and sewed muslin, carried on largely in Ulster, Munster and Connaught. Aside from these and the linen mills we have visited, Ireland has not many manufactories. There is one more, however, and that is the china works at Selleck, which produce a fine china. Selleck is one of the cleanest and prettiest towns in Ireland.

EMIGRATION.

Wherever we go we find the people interested in America. Many of their friends and relatives are there, and some day they hope to join them. Many are the questions they ask us in regard to opportunities for making a living and homes for themselves in the States. The Irish people believe their poverty is largely due to the unjust laws of the English govern-

ment; that Ireland ought to be a manufacturing and ship building country because of its fine harbors, millions of acres of peat fuel, and advantages in the way of transportation. England has always wished to keep it an agricultural country in spite of its poor soil. Ireland is only about as large as the State of Maine, but has a population of almost 5,000,000. The most of these people depend wholly upon the product of the soil, and it can not support so many, and pay the high rents and taxes imposed by England.

We have seen that there are few large industries and manufactories to give work to the people. This condition is largely due to misgovernment.

The best thing then for Ireland and the Irish people is for emigration to continue. In some of the poor homes about Cork we find preparations being made for the departure of the younger members of the family for America or Australia. The old people are too feeble to seek work or make new homes in a foreign land.

In the streets of Cork we see many other emigrants, who have come in from other parts of the country. Some of these will go over on our own boat as "steerage passengers."

We are told that in the last half century more than 5,000,000 people have emigrated to the United States, Canada and Australia. The population of Ireland in 1847 was 8,000,000, while it now numbers less than 5,000,000. On inquiry as to the cause of this we are told of a terrible famine that occurred in 1846 and 1847.

THE FAMINE.

The great famine which began in 1846 was due to the failure of the potato crop. This crop, which promised well, was stricken with a deadly blight and



THE FLOWER OF ERIN.

in a few days the potatoes in the fields were decayed and unfit for use. In many parts of the country the

people depended almost entirely upon this product for food. When it failed, starvation faced them.

The government and people in England and America sent aid as soon as possible. Soup kitchens were established, and storehouses, where food could be distributed to the starving people. The workhouses were filled to overflowing, and sheds were built to shelter the overflow.

But in spite of the money and provisions that were poured into the country, thousands and thousands of the people died of starvation before the provisions sent for the relief of these people were taken across the country in carts and stored in places where they could be distributed to those who applied for aid. It was necessary for armed soldiers to accompany the relief supplies, else the food would have been taken by the hungry people long before it reached the storehouses.

As the cart loads of provisions went by, the starving peasants came out of their cottages and begged for just a few grains of corn or a handful of meal to keep them alive a little longer. Some were so weak for want of food that they could not go to the storehouses or soup kitchens, and fell dead by the roadside. Sometimes whole families would be found dead, lying upon the floors of their cottages. Some of the kind-hearted landlords offered to pay the passage to America or the colonies of numbers of those in want, and many accepted the offer. Those who found homes in the new country soon secured employment, and their first earnings found their way back to Ireland to help their relatives and friends to follow them.

OUR LAST DAYS.

The traveller hears so little of the attractions of Ireland that on visiting the country for the first time he is not prepared for the great beauty of its scenery. He is constantly being surprised at the changes that meet his view. One day's journey may reveal lofty mountains and silvery lakes; another brings lovely valleys and fertile fields; and still another day's travel



DONEGAL CASTLE.

shows wild and desolate stretches of bog land. But each hour is full of interest, and no one can visit the Emerald Isle without wishing to return and see anew its beauties.

One hears much of the want and misery of the people and their wretched homes, but little of the many grand old castles, magnificent country homes,

splendid estates and fine gardens to be found in many parts of the country. Yet these latter add much to the beauty and interest of our journey through Ireland.

Great riches and the most extreme poverty are to be found side by side, yet one finds as hearty and hospitable a reception in the hut as in the mansion, and friendly faces and hands everywhere. It is hard to discover why there should be so much poverty in this beautiful island. The landlord blames the tenant and the tenant blames the landlord and the government.



A WELL-TO-DO PEASANT'S HOME

One estate will often show farms that are well cultivated and productive, while others plainly show neglect and shiftlessness on the part of the tenant or farmer. The landlord says that the farmers or tenants who are always complaining of hard times and misfortune are those who will not take the trouble to enrich the soil and cultivate it properly, or save their means.

The tenants say that if improvements are made on the farms the landlord always raises on the rent and asks more than the land is worth or can be made to produce. When we ask the peasant farmers why they do not have better houses and make their homes attractive by planting trees and shrubs about them, they tell us that it is useless, and for this reason: When they rent their farms they are obliged to build their own houses. If they build good houses and make improvements about their places and are then obliged to leave them because they cannot pay the rent, the labor is all lost.

The landlord tells us that many of the people do not care for better houses, and would not take proper care of them if they had them, or become good farmers or workmen under the best of circumstances. The peasants insist that this is not true, that all they want is a fair chance; and they point with pride to the Irish people who have emigrated to other lands and become prosperous and eminent citizens.

QUEENSTOWN.

Twelve miles down the river from Cork lies Queenstown, the port from which we sail for home. Steamers between the United States and Liverpool stop there to land and receive passengers and mails. Most of the Irish people who emigrate embark here, and so that wharf is always an interesting place to visit.

We find the Cork and Queenstown harbor a very fine one, well protected by strong batteries. It is the only naval station on the Irish coast, and it is said

that the whole British navy might find shelter from storms there. The city is built on terraces on the side of a hill. The streets are not attractive, for the shops and hotels are at the foot of the hill. The fine homes are built high up on the terraces.



ERIN, FAREWELL.

The streets and wharf are crowded with tourists, and sailors just landed from some ship in the harbor. They are doing some sight-seeing while the vessels lie

in port, but in a few hours must board the departing vessels. There are hosts of beggars, too, who haunt Queenstown in the hope of receiving coins from the tourists who visit the place. And then there are the emigrants and their friends patiently awaiting the departure of the boats.

It is a sad sight to witness the separation of these from their families. Many of them will never see each other again and their cries and grief are heart-breaking. But once on their way the tears of the departing ones are soon dried, and they are their old, bright, rollicking selves once more. For are they not to return in a few years with a fortune? And how much they mean to do for the old father and mother left behind. Their very first wages will be sent back to make the old home comfortable for those who must stay. And how pleased and proud their parents will be in telling of their great good fortune. So with hopeful eyes they look forward.



TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

A Little Journey to Ireland.

The class or travel club has now completed the study of Ireland, and is ready for a review. In order to make this interesting and impress the lessons learned, let the work be summed up in the form of an entertainment called

AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN IRELAND.

For this afternoon in Ireland invitations may be written by the pupils, or mimeographed or hectographed and carried to friends and parents.

If given as an evening entertainment and illustrated by stereopticon views, handbills may be printed and circulated at least a week beforehand. The following form may be used:

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

A TRIP TO IRELAND FOR TEN CENTS.

You are invited by the pupils of the ——— school (or the members of the Travel Class or Club) to spend an evening (or afternoon) in Ireland.

The party starts promptly at 1:30 P. M. (or 8 P. M.), ——— the ——. Those desiring to take this trip should secure tickets before the day of departure, as the party is limited. Guides are furnished free.

The proceeds of this entertainment are to be used in the purchase of a library and pictures and stereopticon views for the school.

SUGGESTIONS.

The exercises should be conducted and the talks given by the pupils themselves. Some topic should be selected by each pupil, or assigned to him, and with this topic he should become thoroughly familiar.

Geographies, books of travel, magazine articles and newspapers should be consulted until each pupil has his subject well in hand. He should also, where possible, secure photographs, pictures or objects with which to illustrate his talk. At its close these should be placed upon a table, or the chalk tray, that visitors may examine them more closely.

If the entertainment is given in the evening, the teacher may be able to use stereopticon views.

These will prove a very great attraction to both pupils and parents, and should be secured if possible. The lantern with oil lamp may be easily operated by the teacher while the pupils give the descriptions of the pictures or give talks about the country.

The lanterns and slides may be rented for the evening or afternoon at reasonable rates, and the cost covered by an admission fee of from ten to twenty-five cents.

A leader or guide may be appointed to make the introductory remarks, and to announce the numbers of the programme.

Other pupils speak of the journey to Ireland, the people, industries, ^{of} plant and animal life, scenery and special features of the country.

ROOM DECORATIONS.

The room decorations for this occasion should be in green. Fill jars and vases with boughs and sprays of oak leaves and fasten branches of green wherever places can be found for them.

In the center of the blackboard write or print the words, "The Emerald Isle," and about it in green crayon a wreath of the shamrock leaves. A border of the shamrock may also be placed across the blackboard.

Over this should be hung pictures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the flags of England and Ireland. The British coat of arms should also be given a place in the decorations.

At one end of the board print these words, "The Isle of Saints," over it hang or pin a picture of St. Patrick. At the other end print the words, "The Isle of Song," and over it a picture of Ireland's best loved poet, Thomas Moore.

The invitations for the Afternoon Abroad may be decorated with shamrock leaves, done with water color, or with green pencils. This

will furnish occupation for the pupils who always get through with their work before the rest of the class.

The blackboard decoration will also furnish busy work for restless pupils (and the making of paper shamrocks for the pupils to wear).

A pupil may go about among visitors after the exercises and present each with a shamrock leaf. Or a number of the artificial leaves may be sold. These may be bought in all large cities.

Let the pupils decorate themselves with the shamrock leaves cut from green paper. The pupil who sings "Dear Little Shamrock," should be dressed in green and white, or in Irish poplin, and should have on her person a bit of Irish lace and a dainty Irish linen handkerchief. This song should follow the talk on national flower.

If a large boy sings "The Wearing of the Green," or one of the other Irish songs, he might be costumed in a black coat, light trousers, buff waistcoat and boots; a rather worn-looking high hat, a knotty stick, a green scarf or kerchief tied about the neck, and a bandanna.

If used as a recitation, he should approach another boy on the stage, costumed as an Irish cab driver, and address his remarks to him. The boy whom he addresses as "Paddy dear" may be dressed in a green coat patched with cloth; brass buttons. Brocaded waistcoat. Drab breeches with patches. High collar; red tie. Blue darned stockings, leather shoes. Hat trimmed with green sprigs of shamrock.

CHARADES.

The words "Goldsmith" and "Moore" may be acted out as charades, but should not be given until reference has been made to them in the program, or a sketch has been given of each.

POEMS AND SONGS.

Geography should go hand in hand with literature. Poems and songs help pupils to remember places, and places hold an added interest because they are associated with poets we admire. A valuable book in connection with literature of the countries of the world is "Poems of Places," compiled by Longfellow.

Among the poems suggested for study and recitations for the afternoons abroad are:

- “The Bells of Shandon,” Mahoney;
- “The Groves of Blarney,” Millikin.
- “Killarney,” J. M. Balfas.
- “The Blacksmith of Limerick,” Joyce.
- “Sweet Auburn,” Goldsmith.
- “A Legend of Antrim,” McGee.
- “Tipperary,” Davis.
- “The Exile of Erin,” Campbell.
- “Adair,” Griffin.
- “The Harp,” Moore.
- “Meeting of the Waters,” Moore.
- “Sweet Innisfallen,” Moore.
- “Old Erin,” J. McDonell Claragh.
- “Ireland,” Davis.

Many of these poems has been set to music and may be found in the following song books:

IRISH SONGS.

- Come Back to Erin, Little Journeys.
- St. Patrick's Day, Little Journeys.
- Dear Little Shamrock, Little Journeys.
- The Harp, Little Journeys.
- The Minstrel Boy, National School Library of Song.
- The Wearing of the Green, Academy of Song Book (Ginn & Co.)
- Killarney, Franklin Square Book.
- Bay of Dublin, Franklin Square Book.
- Let Erin Remember, Songs of Life and Nature
- Erin Is My Home, Nightingale Song Book.
- The Last Rose of Summer, Fountain Song Book
- Those Evening Bells, Fountain Song Book

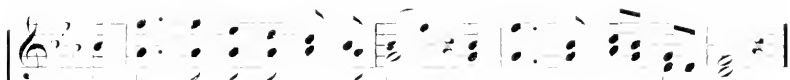
ERIN IS MY HOME.



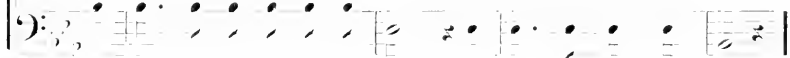
1. Oh, I have roamed in many lands, And man - y friends I've met;
2. If England were my place of birth, I'd love her tran - quil shore;



Not one fair scene or kindly smile, Can this fond heart for - get;
If bonny Scotland were my home, Her mountains I'd a - dore;



But I'll confess that I'm con - tent, No more I wish to roam;
Tho' pleasant days in both I pass, I dream of days to come;



Oh, steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home,
Oh, steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home,



Oh, steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.
Oh, steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.



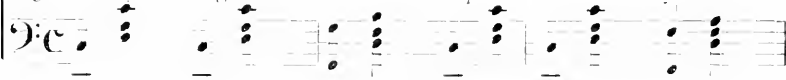
COME BACK TO ERIN.

Words and Music by CHARIBEL.

Arr. by C. W. B.



1. Come back to E-rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, aroon, to the
2. O-ver the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that
3. O may the an-gels while wak-in' or sleep-in' Watch o'er my bird in the



D. C. - Come back to E-rin, etc.



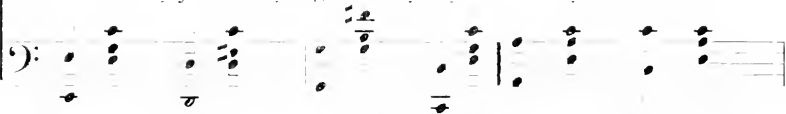
land of thy birth; Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavourneen,
bore thee a-way; Rid-ing the white waves, that fair summer mornin',
land far a-way, And in its pray'rs will consign to their keep-in'



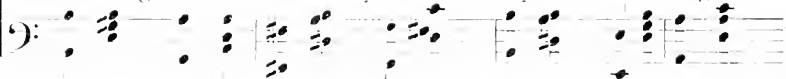
FINE.



And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth, Sure when ye left us, our
Just like a may-flow'r a-float on the bay, O how my heart sank when
Care o'er my jewel by night and by day, When by the fire-side I



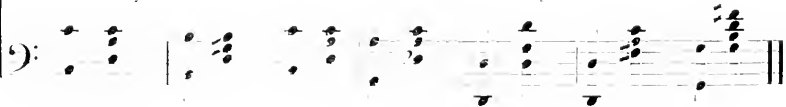
beau-ti-ful darlin', Lit-tle we tho't of the lone winter days; Lit-tle we
clouds came between us, Like a gray curtain the night fallin' down, Hid from my
watch the bright embers, Then all my heart flies away o'er the sea, Long-in' to



D. C.



tho't of the hush of the sunshine, Over the mountains, the bluffs and the bays! Then
sad eyes thy path on the ocean, Far, far away where my colle-n had flown, Then
know if my darlin' remembers, Or if her tho'ts may be crossin' to me, Then



SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

With spirit and feeling.



1. Oh! blest be the days when the Green Banner floated, Sublime o'er the
2. Her sceptre, a - las! passed a-way to the stran-ger, And treason sur-



mountains of free In-nis-tail; When her sons, to her glo - ry and
ren-dered what val - or had held; But true hearts re-mained a - mid



freedom de - vo - ted, De-fied the in - va - der to tread her soil; When
darkness and danger, Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled; Oit,



back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And gave to re - lig-ion and
oft thro' the night flashed gleams of light, Which almost the darkness of



learning their spoil, When val - or and mind to-ge-th-er combined; But
bondage dispelled; But a star now is near, her heav-en to cheer, Not



where-fore la-ment o'er the glo-ries de-part-ed? Her stars shall shine
like the wild gleams which so fit - ful - ly dart - ed, But long to shine



out with as viv - id a ray, For ne'er had she chil-dren more
down with its hal - low-ing ray, On daugh-ters as fair and



brave and true hearted, Than those she now sees on Saint Patrick's day,
sons as true hearted, As E - rin be-holds on Saint Patrick's day

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Moderato.

J. W. CHERRY.

1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint
 2. That dear lit - tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and
 3. That dear lit - tle plant that springs from our soil, When its

Pat - rick him - self, sure, that set it; And the
 fair as the daugh - ters of E - riv, Whose
 three lit - tle leaves are ex - tend - ed, De-

sun on his la - bor with pleas - ure did smile, And with
 smiles can be - witch and whose eyes can com - mand, In each
 notes from the stalk we to - geth - er should toil, And our-

dew from his eye oft - en wet it, It
 eli - mate they ev - er ap - pear in, For they
 selves by our - selves be be - friend - ed, And

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK—Concluded.

shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, And he
shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, Just
still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, From

all.

call'd it the dear lit - tle sham-rock of Ire land, The
like their own dear lit - tle sham-rock of Ire - land, The
one root should branch, like the sham-rock of Ire - land, The

a tempo.

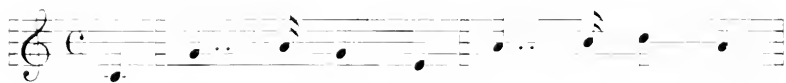
dear lit - tle sham-rock, the sweet lit - tle sham-rock, The

ad lib. *dim.*

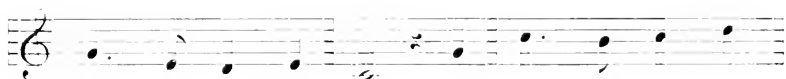
dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle sham-rock of Ire - land.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Molto moderato.



1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The



soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that



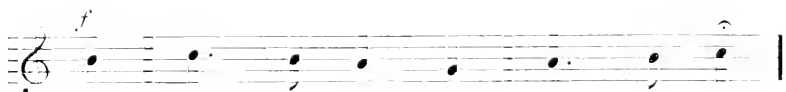
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled,
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells.



So sleeps the pride now of for - mer days,
Thus Free - dom throbs so sel - dom wakes.



So gio - ry's thrill is o'er,
The on - ly throb she gives



And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Is when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks,



Now feel that pulse no more,
To show that still she lives.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introduction.
2. Recitation, "Ireland."
3. Birdseye View of Ireland,
4. Song, "Erin Is My Home."
5. Northern Ireland.
6. The Giant's Causeway.
7. The Coast.
8. Dublin City.
9. Song, "The Bay of Dublin."
10. Dublin's Famous Men.
11. The Story of Thomas Moore.
12. Charades.
13. "The Harp." song.
14. The Jaunting Car.
15. Country Homes.
16. Peasants' Homes.
17. Government.
18. "Let Erin Remember," song.
19. Recitation, "Old Erin."
20. The Vale of Avoca.
21. Recitation, "Meeting of the Waters."
22. Galway.
23. Limerick.
24. Killarney Lakes.
25. Song, "Killarney."
26. Cork.
27. Father Mathew, "The Temperance Apostle.
28. Song, "Shandon Bells."
29. The People of Ireland.
30. Life in the Country Towns.
31. Song, "Dear Little Shamrock "
32. Recitation, "Wearing of the Green."
33. Child Life.
34. Religion.
35. St. Patrick.
36. Song, "St. Patrick's Day."

37. Odd Customs of the People.
38. Blarney Castle.
39. Recitation. "Groves of Blarney."
40. Queenstown.
41. Emigration.
42. Recitation. "The Exile of Erin."
43. Song. "Come Back to Erin."

IRELAND.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
 Oh, she's a rich and rare land,
 Oh, she's a dear and fair land,
 This native land of mine.

No men on earth are braver;
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver.
 Faith, I would die to save her.
 And deem such death divine.

—DAVIS.

OLD ERIN.

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old,
 Before the prosperous lands,
 With outstretched palms that asketh alms
 From charitable hands?
 Feeble and lone she maketh moan,
 A stricken one is she.
 Who deep and long hath suffered wrong?
 Old Erin in the sea.
 Though broad her fields and rich their yields,
 From Liffey to the Lee,
 Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
 Of Erin in the sea.

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:

But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heartbroken stranger ;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green, sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild, woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
 Oh, cruel Fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me ?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
 They died to defend me or lived to deplore !

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?
 Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;
 Erin ! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy field, — sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh !

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

1. O Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round,
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin' the wearin' o' the green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she
stand?"
She's the most distressful country, that ever you have seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.
2. Then since the color we must wear, is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget, the blood that they have
shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as
they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not
show;
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day I'll stick for aye to the wearing of the green.
3. But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part.
I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyant the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal, in the light of freedom's day.
O Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand,
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happy land;
Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom never shall be seen,
And where, in peace, we'll live and die, a-wearing of the green.

—DIXON BOUCCICAULT.

BAY OF DUBLIN (Song).

1. Oh! Bay of Dublin! my heart you's trublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream —
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin',
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;

And never till this life blood ceases,
 My earliest, latest thought will cease to be,
 There's no one here knows how fair that place is,
 And no one cares how dear it is to me.

2. Sweet Wicklow Mountains! the sunlight sleeping
 On your green banks is a picture rare;
 You crowd around me like young girls peepin',
 And puzzlin' me to say which is most fair;
 As though you'd see your own sweet faces
 Reflected in that smooth and silver sea;
 My blessin' on those lovely places,
 Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

3. How often, when at work I'm sittin'
 And musin' sadly on the days of yore;
 I think I see my Katie knittin',
 And the childer playin' round the cabin door;
 I think I see the neighbor faces,
 All gathered round, their long lost friend to see!
 Tho' no one here knows how fair that place is,
 Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

—LADY DUFFERIN

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
 Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall mem'ry often in dreams sublime
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus sighing look through the waves of time,
 For the long faded glories they cover.

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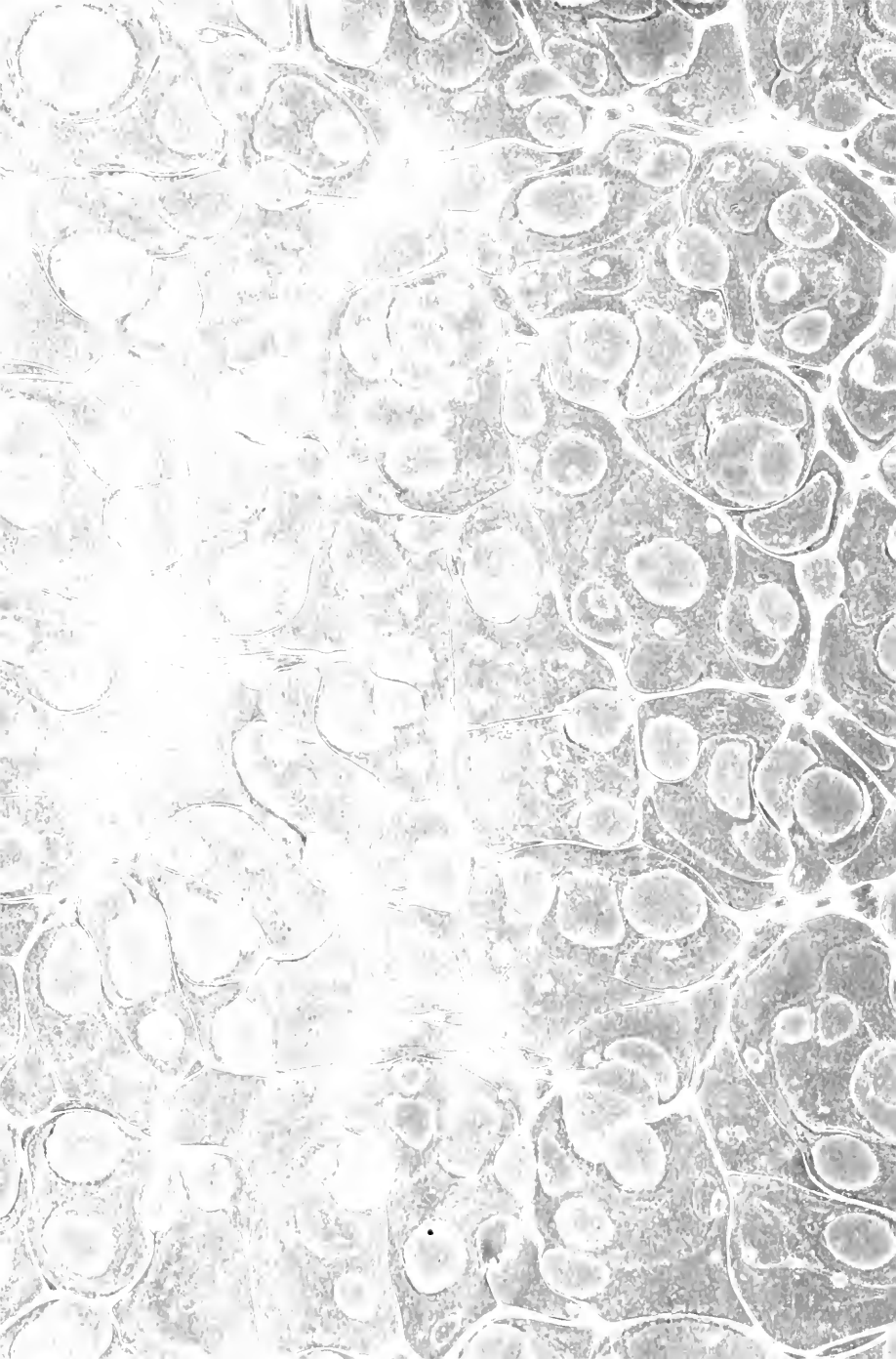
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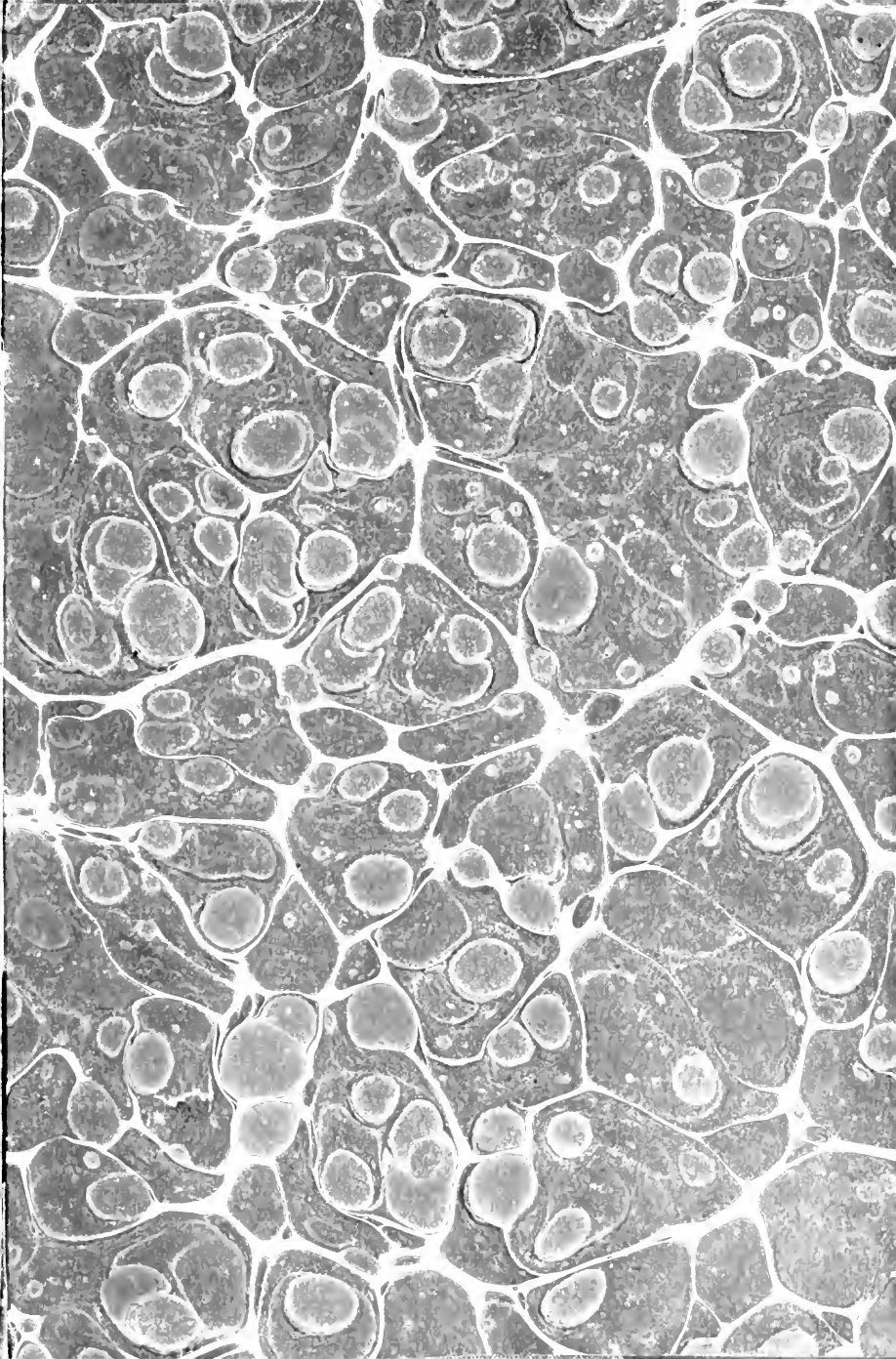
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